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HUSTLER Parody. This is not a real ad. It is a parody of *Seeking a Friend for the End of the World*, which seems like it'll be a smart, funny movie about quirky characters confronting the apocalypse. Let's be honest: When the shit hits the fan, no one is going to worry about being quirky and clever. We're all going to be desperate for one final round of intercourse. Hopefully we'll be in the middle of a HUSTLER photo-shoot with a sexy model or two when doomsday comes. But knowing our luck, we'll be stuck in an elevator with Ann Coulter and Joan Rivers.

"Why, yes, my last boyfriend was black, but how would you know that?!"

HUSTLER®

LARRY FLYNT'S FLAGSHIP MAGAZINE SINCE 1974

SEPTEMBER 2012 VOLUME 39 NUMBER 3 HustlerMagazine.com

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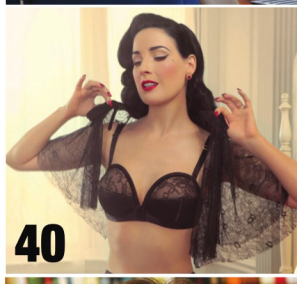

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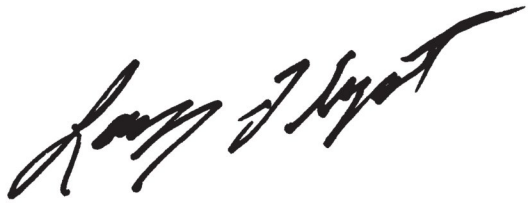
REGARDING RUSH LIMBAUGH

It's been an amazing high-wire act for over 20 years. During that time, Rush Limbaugh has mastered the art of making inflammatory statements—guaranteed to attract listeners to his radio show—without ever getting in real trouble. Until now, that is.

What Rush didn't understand when he attacked Georgetown University law student Sandra Fluke—calling her a prostitute and a slut, among other things—is that he was not just insulting childbearing women of college age; he was also insulting the parents of those women. Some of those parents even own companies that advertise on Limbaugh's show.

It will be interesting to see if he survives this current shitstorm. For my money, Rush Limbaugh has already had more than enough airtime.



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BOOMIN' BOX

You think you're old-school, fool? Did you used to carry around one of those giant tape player/radios called a "boombox" or the now-not-so-PC "ghetto blaster"? You did? Kick it! iHome is taking us all back to "back in the day" with its **iP4 Portable FM Stereo Boombox for iPhone/iPad**. Talk about hip. Although designed to look like something "Straight Outta Compton," the **iP4** is packed with the latest high-end audio technology. It features a powerful amp, twin 4-inch woofers and a pair of tweeters to turn your party out. The **iP4**, which runs on six D batteries and is offered in either black or shocking pink, also features a magnetized remote control and an auxiliary jack. That means you can use iHome's **iP4 Boombox** with your PC, DVD player or bright-yellow Sony Walkman. Hey, that's old-school! (Just kidding about the Walkman.)

Available at ***iHomeAudio.com***. Suggested retail price: $199.99.

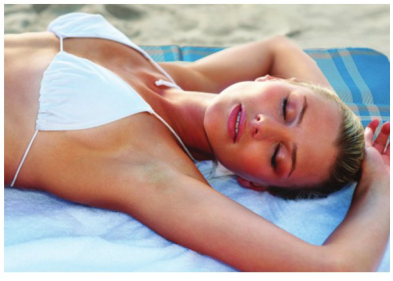
YOUR PEN, MR. BOND

Here's a gadget that seems like it jumped out of a James Bond movie. On the surface, the **Griffin Stylus + Pen + Laser Pointer** is a cool-looking, high-end implement for writing on paper. But as the name suggests, it's a multifunctional tool. The item doubles as a stylus that's perfect for any electronic device requiring one. But wait, there's more! It can also be used as a projectable laser pointer. Is there anything it *can't* do? This all-in-one marvel may be the last pen you'll ever need.

Available at ***GriffinTechnology.com***. Suggested retail price: $49.99.

SEX ON THE BEACH

Everyone fantasizes about having sex on a beach, but a little ill-placed sand can quickly turn passion into pain. One leading manufacturer has come up with a way to ensure that your waterfront romp (or any other activity) isn't an annoying experience. It's the **CGear Sand-Free Rug**, whose patented weave technology keeps sand, dirt or dust from invading your fun—even at the beach. Btw: CGear offers a wide variety of rugs, mats and blankets. Check out their Web site for details—right after you finish checking out the hot chick. And, no, she's *not* included with your purchase. Sorry.



Available at ***CGearSandfree.com***. Suggested retail price: $44.99 and up.

BLACK HAWK UP

We're guys. We like remote-controlled toys. Doesn't matter if we're not kids anymore, we love this stuff. But it *can* get expensive. Not so with the **Griffin HELO TC Touch-Controlled Helicopter**, which can be had for less than 50 bucks! The flying part is even easier. Just download a free app from the iTunes Store and use your iPhone, iPad, iPod Touch or Android device to maneuver the twin-rotor, lightweight-metal helicopter all around your house. The **HELO TC** is the perfect indoor flying machine! The app also allows you to memorize and re-create your flight patterns. Time to take off! And if your girl bitches at you about buying another toy, remind her about the battery-operated gizmos *she* keeps in her nightstand. And those were *not* free. Speaking of free, did we mention we have a **HELO TC Helicopter** to give away? No? Well, read on!

Available at ***GriffinTechnology.com***. Suggested retail price: $49.99.

TAKE FLIGHT—WIN A GRIFFIN HELO TC HELICOPTER!

For your chance to win, just fill out the form below (or a photocopy, or put your name, home address, e-mail address, signature and survey choices on a postcard) and send it to **TC Helicopter Giveaway, c/o HUSTLER, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211**; or e-mail info to **HUSTLER@LFP.com**.

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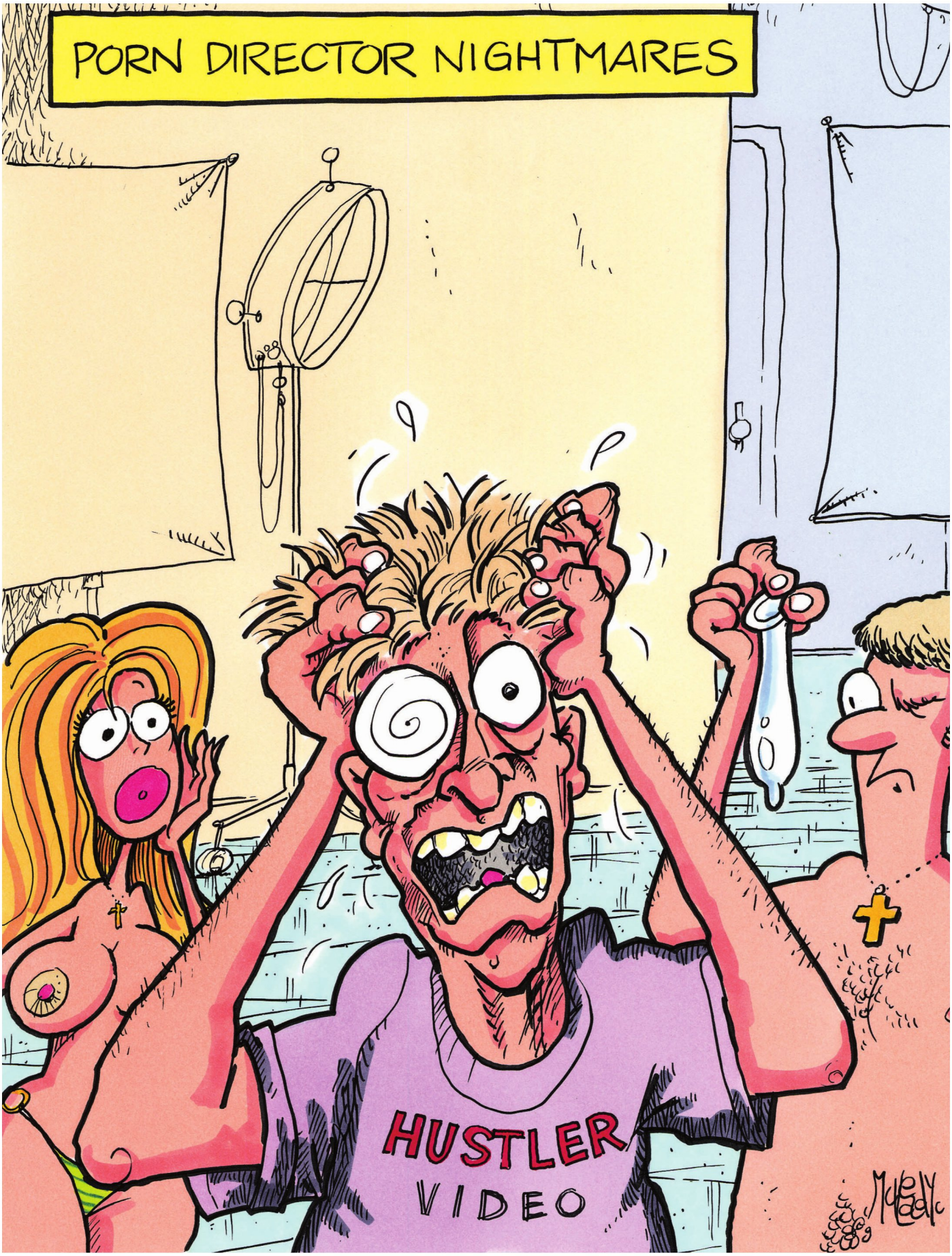
Bits & Pieces ☐ Music Section ☐ Celebrity Section ☐

Other _____

No purchase necessary. Limit one entry per household. Must be 18 or older to enter. This form, a copy thereof or postcard containing required information and signature must be mailed and received at HUSTLER by September 10, 2012. A purchase would not affect your chances of winning. Winner will be chosen by random drawing. This contest is void where prohibited by law. Entry means automatic consent to use of contestant's name, likeness and image, and that the name of the winner will be disclosed or made available. All entries become the property of LFP Publishing Group, LLC and HUSTLER Magazine and will not be returned to contestants. Odds of winning will be determined based on the actual number of eligible entries received prior to deadline. The sponsor will contact the winner and ship the winner his/her prize at no cost to the winner. Sponsor will not be responsible or liable for failure to contact the winner. The drawing is open to anyone over 18 years of age, other than employees of LFP Publishing Group, LLC, its affiliates and advertising agencies, as well as their immediate family members and persons living in their household. Offer limited to residents of the continental United States.



"The industry has to use condoms, but all of my actors are Catholic and can't use condoms. *Auggghhhh!*"

MITT ROMNEY: GREED-RUN-WILD APOSTLE

BEING A MORMON MAY BE THE GOP PRESIDENTIAL HOPEFUL'S SOLE VIRTUE

At first I thought, *Why not a Mormon for President?* I know it's a weird religion, what with those kinky undergarments they wear and the bizarre mumbo jumbo about some guy who claimed he found divine wisdom on some tablets given to him by an angel and then came on like he was the next Moses.

But what's the big deal? If you've ever looked closely at those other, more mainstream religions our past Presidents claimed to believe in, they're equally absurd. That's the whole point of religion: invoking some higher power to answer the unanswerable about the purpose of existence when we humans have reached the limits of fact and logic. So claims to divine explanation are, of course, inevitably kooky.

If it were just a matter of crashing the glass ceiling to make the point that a devout Mormon is no less qualified, by virtue of his irrational faith, to be President than is a born-again Christian or a flaming papist, I could see voting for Mitt Romney. But then, as the Republican primaries unfolded, I realized all of this religion stuff is beside the point. Romney, in his pursuit of the ill-gotten gains of enormous wealth accompanied by his unbridled lust for political power, is clearly no more concerned with the moral obligations of his religion than John F. Kennedy was when he balled those molls supplied by his Mafia buddies. And just like Kennedy, Romney parlayed his old man's wealth into a successful political career, all the while claiming to be just your ordinary guy working his way up the ladder of life.

The man is a fraud, a Ken doll with a recorded-message greeting instead of a brain. Nothing he says actually reflects thought but rather a sales pitch for the convenience of the moment. Here's a guy campaigning against Obamacare, which is nothing but a copycat program of the one Romney implemented in Massachusetts when he was the state's governor.

Not only would Romney gut the improvement in healthcare that Obama brought about, but he also wants to compound that error by undermining Medicare and Medicaid, two programs that offer at least a modicum of cost control. Instead, the candidate and his fellow Republicans would steer consumers completely to the tender mercies of for-profit insurers.

> **"The man is a fraud, a Ken doll with a recorded-message greeting instead of a brain. Nothing he says actually reflects thought but rather a sales pitch for the convenience of the moment ."**

What is most outrageously hypocritical about Romney is that while he babbles on about wasteful spending, he will not close the spending spigot that started spewing red ink after budget-balancing President Bill Clinton left office. That red ink is the direct result of the wild increase in military spending after 9/11 which George W. Bush refused to pay for by increasing taxes on the rich and instead cut them sharply. That and bailing out the banks—which caused the financial crisis—are the main sources of the run-up of the national debt.

Romney wants to do more of the same. He says we need to spend even more money on the military because the Communist government in China is a threat. What a joke! Bain Capital, the company that Romney cofounded, has been supplying those red tyrants with surveillance equipment to better monitor their citizenry.

The dire state of the U.S. economy is the result of two basic scams pulled off by the top multinational corporations, and Romney is complicit in both. The short-term crisis was kicked off by the radical deregulation of the financial industry that allowed the formerly privately held investment banking partnerships screwing around with their own money to merge with the commercial banks that were holding the deposits of ordinary folks. It was a prescription for greed run wild until the phony securities packages exploded and the taxpayers were left holding the bag, while lots of those ordinary folks lost everything. Not only did Romney enthusiastically support that deregulation scam, but now—even after it hit the fan—he still prattles on about how we have too many regulations.

The other issue concerns the shipping of those once good-paying American jobs abroad. Not only has Romney invested in companies that do just that, but his Presidential campaign platform calls for rewarding those companies for abandoning America by ending all taxes on foreign profits.

Face it, Mitt Romney is about nothing but power and money, and the vulture-capital hedge fund named Bain Capital that enriched him is a classic tale of ripping apart vulnerable businesses and their loyal employees to make a big buck on the margin of the ensuing grief. You don't want this guy to be the CEO of your entire country.

Before serving almost 30 years as a *Los Angeles Times* columnist and editor, Robert Scheer spent the late 1960s as Vietnam correspondent, managing editor and editor in chief of *Ramparts* magazine. Now editor of **TruthDig.com**, Scheer has written such hard-hitting books as *The Pornography of Power: How Defense Hawks Hijacked 9/11 and Weakened America* and his latest, *The Great American Stick-Up: Greedy Bankers and the Politicians Who Love Them.*

WINNERS

CAN THE CONSTITUTION SURVIVE OBAMA'S REELECTION?

THE NATIONAL DEFENSE AUTHORIZATION ACT FURTHER SOURS THE SWEET LAND OF LIBERTY

When the Tea Partiers broke into the national consciousness, with copies of the Constitution in their pockets as they rallied, I was too quickly impressed. I titled one of my syndicated columns "The New American Revolution." But in the months since President Barack Obama signed a law passed by a bipartisan Congress that smashes key parts of the Bill of Rights, the Tea Partiers have not risen to defend those most basic personal liberties. Nor have Republicans, except for a few, been publicly criticizing the National Defense Authorization Act (NDAA). The Democrats, of course, are nearly unanimous in support of their hollow leader.

On that fateful day—December 31, 2011—ACLU Executive Director Anthony Romero declared that Obama "will forever be known as the President who signed indefinite detention, without charge or trial, into law. The statute is particularly dangerous because it has no temporal or geographic limitations, and can be used by this and future Presidents to militarily detain people captured far from any battlefield." This includes American citizens caged (a more accurate term than *detained*) right here in this country.

In his signing statement, Obama tried to pretend that by interpreting the law in his own regal way, American citizens won't be subject to detention by the military. He's the boss!

But, Mr. President, even you cannot "interpret" what is plainly in the NDAA. Enter former federal judges Abner Mikva, William Sessions and John Gibbons, who are cited in an Antiwar.com article by Carl Mirra. They warn that the law "codifies methods such as indefinite detention without charge and mandatory military detention and make[s] them applicable to virtually anyone…including U.S. citizens."

And dig this from the same story: Senator Lindsey Graham (R-South Carolina) "is one of the few supporters of the NDAA to plainly admit that 'the statement of authority to detain does apply to American citizens, and it designates the world as the battlefield, including the homeland.'" Whose homeland?

That American citizens can and will be subject to military imprisonment subverts the Fifth Amendment's guarantee that "no person shall be compelled in any criminal case to be… deprived of life, liberty or property, without due process of law." Yet Senator Carl Levin (D-Michigan) maintains that a law existing before Obama signed the NDAA has been held by the U.S. Supreme Court as having no bar "to indefinite detention of American citizens." But the High Court also gave habeas corpus rights to such prisoners. And it has yet to rule on a law that radically nullified the Fifth Amendment's very core of the American system of justice.

There's more to this astonishing transmogrification of what all Presidents embrace as "our values." Remember the controversy surrounding previous administrations' renditions? The CIA would kidnap suspected terrorists, then send them to foreign nations known for torturing their captives during "enhanced interrogations."

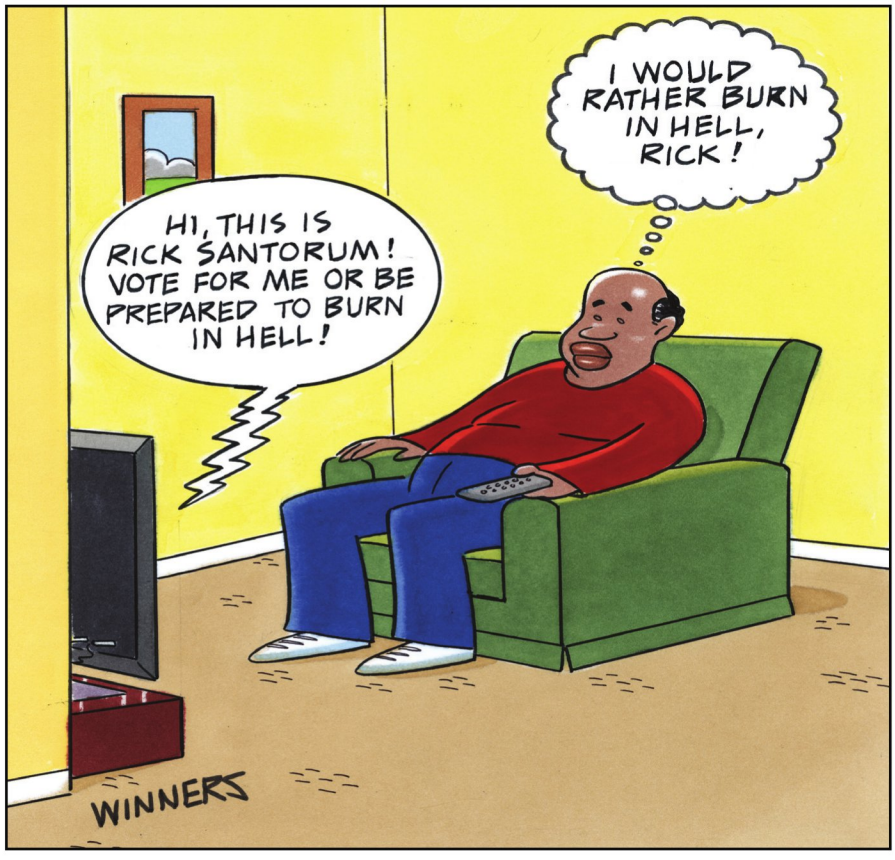
As pointed out by Harvey Wasserman and Bob Fitrakis in the article "2012's Civil Liberties Apocalypse Has Already Happened," the NDAA "allows trial by military tribunal, or 'transfer to the custody or control of the person's country of origin' or transfer to 'any other foreign country or any other foreign entity.'" Any other country? Huh? Somalia? North Korea? Afghanistan?

To what extent will Obama's signature on this utter contempt for the Bill of Rights affect the President's reelection campaign? This could depend on how many American voters are familiar with the Bill of Rights. And even if they are, how many have paid attention to the National Defense Authorization Act? Jonathan Turley—one of this country's most knowledgeable civil liberties lawyers and law professors—notes: "The almost complete failure of the mainstream media to cover this issue is shocking. Many reporters have bought into the spin of the Obama Administration as they did the spin over torture by the Bush Administration."

Affirming my belief that the Constitution has virtually become wastepaper, Wasserman and Fitrakis have come to this doomsday conclusion: "What most of the nation doesn't realize is that the end of our basic civil liberties, in place since the December 1791 ratification of the Bill of Rights, has already taken place."

If Obama manages to occupy the White House for another four years, America will continue turning into a country the Founding Fathers would deplore. Not that I have faith in a Republican coming to the rescue.

Nat Hentoff is a historian of the Constitution, a jazz critic and a columnist for the *Village Voice* and *Free Inquiry*. His incisive books include *The First Freedom: The Tumultuous History of Free Speech in America* and *Living the Bill of Rights*.



"You no-good bastard! You were only using me to get to my mother!"

MY TIMES WITH ABBIE HOFFMAN—PART 1

HOW THE ANTIESTABLISHMENT REBEL RAN CIRCLES AROUND THE MEDIA AND HIS FRIENDS.

I have been fortunate to know and be associated with some very interesting people over my life. One, however, stands out above all others: Abbie Hoffman, founder of the Youth International Party (Yippies). The 1960s revolutionary was the funniest and smartest person I have ever known, and yet I feel that Abbie never received the recognition he should have.

In his time, Abbie was a news fixture. That was because he knew how to manipulate the media better than anyone. Abbie could have been a bigwig in advertising or even run a Presidential campaign. Instead he chose the theater of the streets.

I met Abbie in 1969 when, having just arrived in New York City, I needed guests for a Saturday night WMCA radio show I was doing. His charisma and style seduced me from the moment he opened his mouth. (Abbie had that effect on anyone who came in contact with him.) The messages he pushed—on ending the war in Vietnam, championing civil rights, calling for the redistribution of wealth and power in America—were never as persuasive as Abbie himself. You believed what he had to say through the pure force of his personality.

Not many people knew this, but Abbie was a trained clinical psychologist. That is probably why he was so good at manipulating the press and public. He could size up anybody in five seconds flat. I realized that after our first radio show. My wife and I took him out to eat. Since our cat had recently given birth to a litter of kittens, my wife asked Abbie if he liked cats. Without missing a beat, he replied, "Are they good to eat?" There was no going back. I wanted to be Abbie's friend from that moment on.

There are volumes of Hoffman stories. One of the best I ever heard was from Christopher Cerf. While working at Random House under his father—the company's legendary founder, Bennett Cerf—Christopher signed Abbie to a book deal. It was Abbie's style to lie down on a floor and write in longhand. One day, the elder Cerf was taking some friends on a tour of the facilities. Upon entering Christopher's office, the group found Abbie on the floor, wearing his signature American flag shirt and—thanks to his long, curly locks—looking like something out of the musical *Hair*. Cerf, addressing his friends, said apologetically, "This is my son's office, but that's not my son."

Abbie, without a moment's pause, looked up and said, "Hi, Dad."

You always walked away from Abbie with a great story to tell. Here are two of mine:

Back in the early '70s, Max's Kansas City was the main watering hole for musicians, artists and the avant-garde. Arriving at Max's one night, I noticed Abbie sitting in a booth with some serious-looking black guys. Calling me over, Abbie introduced me to two members of the Black Panther Party, one of the most radical groups of that period.

As I watched, Abbie pulled out his first royalty check from his book *Woodstock Nation*. It was for $25,000—no small amount in those days. After endorsing the check, he handed it over to the Panthers and said, "Here's a small contribution from me to you." Abbie didn't just talk the talk.

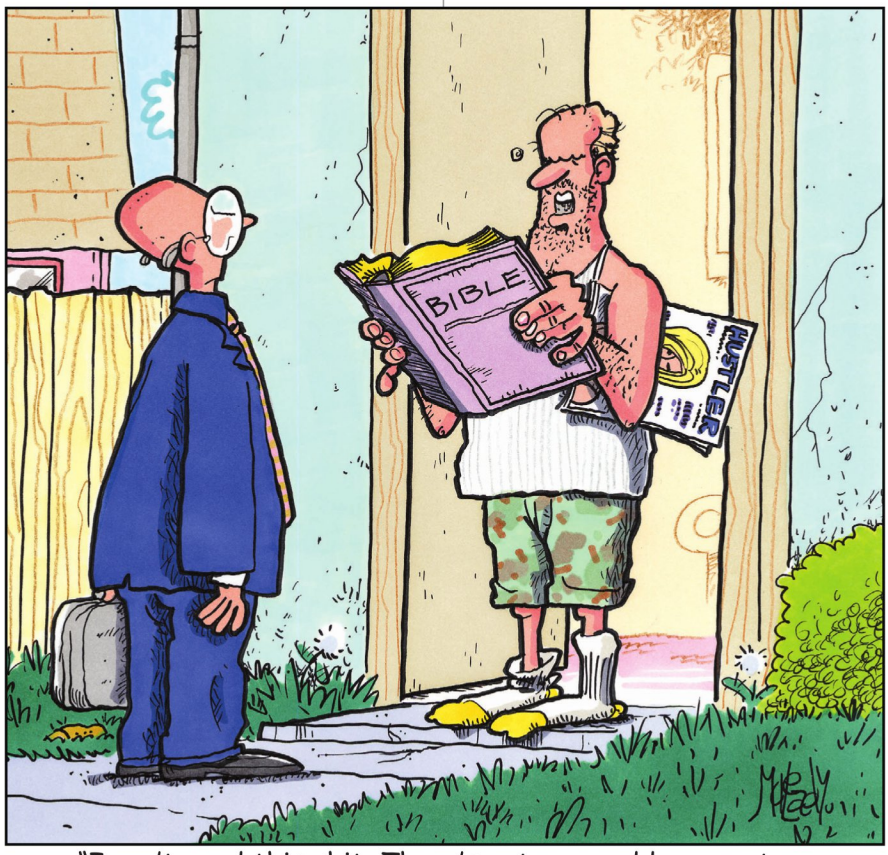
On another occasion, Abbie and his wife invited me and mine to their place for dinner. The guy loved to cook, and that night he made a great paella. During dinner he announced that after our meal, there would be a surprise guest. It made for quite a guessing game, but none of the speculation would equal what came next.

My whole life has been show business, and although I made my mark in radio, early on I wanted to be an actor. I had my personal heroes, but nothing could have prepared me for what happened when the doorbell rang. Moments later, in walked Tennessee Williams, a man I revered as the greatest playwright of the 20th century.

Williams's entourage consisted of two young men who were obviously more than his friends. He sat on the floor at Abbie's feet and in his very effeminate Southern drawl said, "Tell me about the revolution, Abbie." I had always envisioned Williams as macho. Now I suddenly realized he was actually Blanche DuBois (the Southern belle from his play *A Streetcar Named Desire*). Williams so hated his gayness, he even went to a major clinic to purge himself of his homosexuality. After that, he never wrote a great play again.

More next month as I become Abbie Hoffman's safe house.

Alex Bennett is a longtime HUSTLER contributor. The two-time Emmy winner, who broke into broadcasting as a teenager, can be heard weekdays on SiriusXM Left 127 (7 a.m. to 10 a.m. ET).



"I can't read this shit. There's not one goddamn cartoon in the whole fucking thing."

"I used to think I wasn't responsible, dependable or trustworthy.
Now I realize I just love pussy!"

Sports Be Damned

Nothing could be more nauseating than a topic like your article "Penn State's Harsh Reality" [*College Report*, May '12]. This scandal absolutely sickens me. There are several issues of concern.

First is the willful and deliberate sexual molestation of children. Our nation's youth are already victimized in so many ways (by adults) in this country. How is it that these warped and perverted "leaders" can manipulate their way into positions of power and use it to force a defenseless person to comply with their pedophiliac desires? Are there no screens to prevent this from happening?

Second, how could such criminal behavior be allowed to go unreported to law enforcement for so long? How could college athletics become so corrupt that nothing will threaten the financial racket it has become?

Finally, it is certainly ironic that former football coach Joe Paterno was idolized as "JoePa" all these years when he failed the most important duty of any parent: to protect your children. One has to wonder if Mr. Paterno's behavior would have been any different had one of those victims been his grandchild. Let us hope his cronies get what they deserve. **—Joe Bialek**
Cleveland, Ohio

You're Welcome!

I'm glad you finally considered my request to put a picture of Lady Gaga with a dick in her retarded little mouth! [May '12] Because to me, all she creates is musical farts! She even looked like a retard in the headgear she wore in that photo! My next request for the dick-in-the-mouth photo is Stephanie Courtney a/k/a Flo from the Progressive auto insurance ads. She's so annoying! Keep up the great work! **—Paul Nathan Jr.**
Cheektowaga, New York

Paul, your wish is our command.

Weed Man

I'm responding to your article "Cannabinomics: Just What the Doctor Ordered" [May '12]. You know who was all for legalizing marijuana? [Economist] Milton Friedman! He wrote *On Liberty and Drugs* with Thomas Szasz, which I've read.

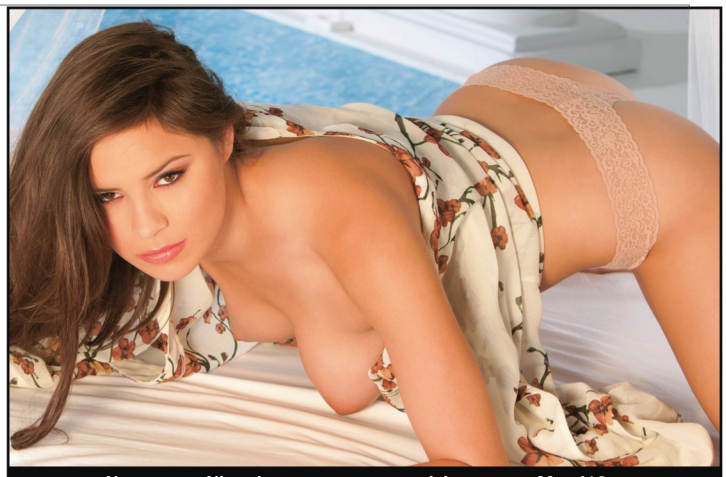
In fact, some of those who voted against California's Prop. 19 were growers! They were fearful of losing their livelihood, according to my sources. Also, the strains of weed mentioned in your article are okay, but I have seeds from an Indo strain crossed with the old "Dancing Buddha" Thai weed, which was around in the late '70s to early '80s. That's my favorite.
—Steve Swartz
Grass Valley, California

Regarding Friedman, even a stopped clock is right twice a day.

Taking a Gamble

I keep up with Mr. Flynt's publisher's statements via **LarryFlynt.com**, and I wanted to write to you about "The Education Crisis" [April '12]. For the most part, I agree. I dropped out of school in the ninth grade. Since I see college graduates making the same amount of money or less, I have no regrets.

I have a different analogy that I'm surprised Mr. Flynt, being a casino owner, didn't use. College is much like a casino. It offers no guarantees. Just like gamblers, college students usually have to settle for less than they dreamed of and wind up either broke or thousands of dollars in debt.
—Wylie Hunt
Coralville, Iowa



Newcomer Nina James was mesmerizing as our May '12 covergirl and centerfold.

La Nina

I loved your covergirl/centerfold Nina James ["Rough Rider," May '12]. I've never seen her anywhere before. She is drop-dead beautiful. Her natural breasts and gorgeous face are breathtaking. More of her, please! **—Robert Adams**
Wilson, North Carolina

Thanks, Robert. We're making a concerted effort to bring more photo virgins to our pages.

Let Justice Ring

This letter is in response to the article "Fukushima: What They Won't Tell You" [May '12] by Karl Grossman. According to a Bloomberg article, "the unfolding disaster at the Fukushima nuclear plant follows decades of falsified reports, fatal accidents and underestimated earthquake risk in Japan's atomic power industry."

Where have we heard this before? Whether it's Hurricane Katrina, the Indonesian tsunami or the nuclear "accident" in Japan, no government officials are ever held accountable for what can only be described as criminal negligence.

In fact, the Japanese people got their power plants from General Electric. Perhaps citizens worldwide need to reexamine the character (or lack thereof) of their governing officials and put systems in place that prevent this type of negligence. It is obvious from the revolutions sweeping the Arab nations that leaders choose to squeeze all they can from their citizens until it's too late. **—J. Beeyawak**
Cleveland, Ohio

Not Enough Skin

I have been a subscriber since 1994 and have kept every issue since then. The reason I subscribe is to see pussy, tits and ass. Lately, three sections of your magazine have failed to do that: *Cougars Unleashed*, *Girls of Facebook* and *Real College Girls*. I can find the pictures you've published in *Playboy*, *Penthouse* or *Maxim*. That's why I don't subscribe to those mags.

I like the classic pictorials, but it would be nice to include how old they are now and what they do. I hope you will consider my suggestions so I can continue to be a subscriber in the future. **—R.K.**
Erie, Pennsylvania

Great suggestion, R.K. We will start tracking down the models who appear in our classic spreads.

Do you have a comment, suggestion or complaint? We want to hear it. Send your letters (typed or neatly handwritten) to HUSTLER *Feedback*, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211, or e-mail to *Hustler@LFP.com* and be sure to indicate your hometown. Please include a phone number if you want your letter considered for publication. All letters become the property of LFP Publishing Group, LLC and may be edited at our discretion.

"I believe that life begins at ejaculation. For example, here's 3 million young Republicans!"

CONTROLLING AGRICULTURE
CONTROLLING HUMAN LIFE

With the population rising, feeding the world is a daunting challenge. It's not a task that should be left up to poor, uneducated farmers to figure out. This job calls for a higher power.

That's where Monsanto comes in. Think of us like a father figure. Or, better yet, think of us as God. Because once we control the world's food supply, that's pretty much what we'll be.

Monsanto developed the herbicide Roundup, which became the global standard. More recently, we invented genetically modified seeds that are resistant to Roundup. This means that farmers can douse their crops with Roundup, and it won't harm their Monsanto seeds. It's all part of our plan to get farmers completely dependent on Monsanto products.

Our crowning achievement was patenting our genetically modified seeds. When the wind blows a few of them onto an organic or independent farm, their seeds get contaminated by Monsanto's product. Then we can sue those farmers for infringing on our patent and drive them out of business. All we need to systematically eliminate the competition is time, wind and a court system that favors Big Business. We like our odds.

You can keep praying to your loser God for now. But in the near future, if you want to eat, it will be by the grace of your new lord—Monsanto.

MONSANTO

HUSTLER Parody. This is not a real ad. This is a parody and commentary on the Monsanto Company. Most recently, Monsanto won the right in federal court to continue suing organic farmers who, through no fault of their own, had their fields inadvertently contaminated by Monsanto's patented seeds. This parody ad may be reproduced in publications and on the Internet, but only in its entirety and without modification or alteration of any kind for nonprofit and noncommercial purposes, without further permission of HUSTLER Magazine or LFP Publishing Group, LLC.

RICK SANTORUM

Can the human race survive? That's our question regarding the Presidential candidacy of Republican Richard "Rick" Santorum. It's frightening enough that someone as flat-out stupid as Santorum exists in the first place. But knowing that he was once a U.S. senator and that, more recently, entire states voted for him to be the Republican Party's Presidential candidate is enough to send sane people running for their doomsday bunkers.

How stupid is Santorum? The Pennsylvania politician believes in intelligent design, not the well-established theory of evolution supported by millions of years of fossil records. He has said that "what we should be teaching are the problems and holes…in the theory of evolution." In other words, Santorum wants to nitpick at the evidence for evolution in order to prop up a theory—God created the universe in seven days—that is supported by no evidence whatsoever.

Santorum is also against birth control. The devout Roman Catholic has stated it is morally wrong to have sex for any reason other than procreation. "I'm reflecting the views of the church that I believe in," he said. "We used to be tolerant of those beliefs. I guess now when you have beliefs that are consistent with the church, somehow you're out of the mainstream, and that to me is a pretty sad situation when you can't have personal-held beliefs."

Catholic views have always been out of the mainstream. Only Catholics believe the pope is infallible. Only Catholics believe birth control is a sin. (Yet most of them use it anyway.) Not too long ago, no one thought a Catholic could be elected President of the United States.

Regarding contraception, the real problem with Santorum is he believes that, as President, he'd have the right to push for legislation making his personal beliefs the law of the land. He's already supporting what's referred to as the "personhood" amendment, which stipulates that life begins at conception. If passed, this measure would not only make abortions illegal but also outlaw virtually every form of birth control.

Clearly, Santorum has no idea what the words "separation of church and state" mean. We'll explain: Being Catholic does not give Santorum the right to impose his religious views on others any more than Jews, Hindus or Muslims have the right to impose their views on him.

When pressed on that point, the neoconservative politico tries to pivot by saying, "But that's not the issue; the issue is whether the government can force you to do things that are against your conscience, and that's what we've been talking about on the road. We haven't been talking about my own personal beliefs."

Of course he has. But more precisely, the rest of the sentence refers to his defense of the Blunt amendment, which would allow an employer to deny women birth control as part of their medical insurance program if it is against the employer's moral beliefs.

Since 99% of all women in this country use birth control at some point in their lives, that's clearly discriminatory. A company, for example, would be imposing its moral beliefs on people who do not share those views. Worse, there's nothing in the Blunt amendment that would prevent an employer from refusing to cover, say, antibiotics because they're against its beliefs.

As for abortion, Santorum is against the procedure even in cases of rape or incest. He claims his position is based on the Constitution, but then goes on to say, "I think that the right approach is to accept this horribly created, in the sense of rape, but nevertheless, in a very broken way, gift of human life, and accept what God is giving you."

You see what he's doing? He's invoking God! Santorum's unconsciously acknowledging he's against abortion on religious grounds. As for a rape baby being a gift from God, do other heavenly gifts include cancer, AIDS and leprosy?

But what about Santorum's secular positions? Naturally, the blockhead opposes Obamacare, claiming it's a "linchpin…that would tip the scales toward a country that would no longer be free."

Santorum's argument is that only private, for-profit companies—the ones that can only maximize their profit by denying coverage—should be entrusted with providing our healthcare, not our government, which just wants to insure as many Americans as cheaply as possible.

(BTW: Obamacare does not put the government in control of our healthcare. It just regulates the healthcare industry, to make sure everyone is covered. For-profit companies are still providing the service.)

Santorum is against gay marriage (that religious thing again). He wants to launch a war on porn (ditto). He is for privatizing Social Security, and he doesn't believe in global warming. But despite all of that, we still haven't gotten to the number one reason why Rick Santorum is a dumb asshole.

In 1996, after Santorum's pregnant wife delivered prematurely, the couple took the stillborn baby home—to meet his siblings! There is no calculating how traumatic this experience was for the young ones aged six, four and one at the time.

But the kids' nightmare didn't end there. In 2008, when Mrs. Santorum was informed she was carrying a genetically defective baby, the then-48-year-old woman decided—no doubt at the prodding of her husband—to take the pregnancy to term anyway.

Now the Santorums' children have to cope with a sister who has mental and physical disabilities, who is frequently hospitalized and whose lifespan has already exceeded expectations. The baby suffers, her siblings suffer, but their dad stands smug because his wife refused to have an abortion.

Rick Santorum should never have even been considered a viable contender for the Presidency. There are already five Catholics on the U.S. Supreme Court. We don't need a Catholic President appointing yet one more.

Stoya

Riley Steele

Jesse Jane

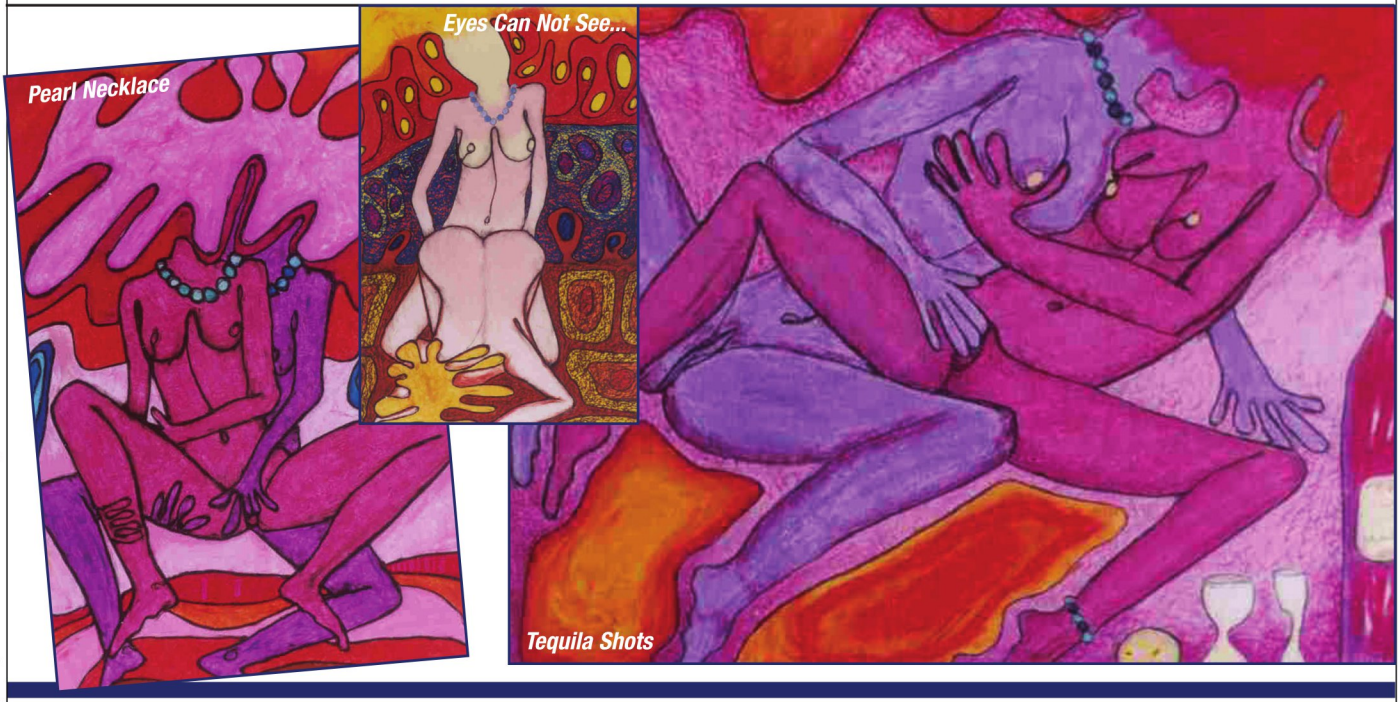
Brooklyn Lee

PHOTOS BY J.R. REYNOLDS AND EMMREPORT.COM

WINNING WOODIES

If you think Oscar nights are prolonged, you've never attended their XXX counterpart. This year's AVN Awards show—which took place at a nightclub in Las Vegas's Hard Rock Hotel & Casino—lasted for three hours and involved nearly 100 categories. Dozens of famous faces from fuck flicks gathered at The Joint to learn who would go home with a Woody—the porn industry's equivalent of an Oscar. Winners included Bobbi Starr (Female Performer of the Year), Jesse Jane (Best Supporting Actress) and anyone lucky enough to score a front-row seat to this first-rate boobfest.

"Work is the refuge of people who have nothing better to do." —OSCAR WILDE, AUTHOR



DISTORTED BEAUTY

The striking work of Guido Delvaux exists at the intersection of eroticism and abstraction. Born in the Belgian Congo, Delvaux emigrated in 1971 to attend a university in Mexico. Since then, his art has been displayed in more than 150 exhibitions in the United States, Mexico and throughout Europe. His latest series, entitled *Erozarte*, uses vivid colors to explore female sexuality in a way that you probably haven't seen before. Unless you happen to take ketamine with your morning coffee.

To check out more of the artist's diverse creations, visit **GuidoDelvaux.com**.

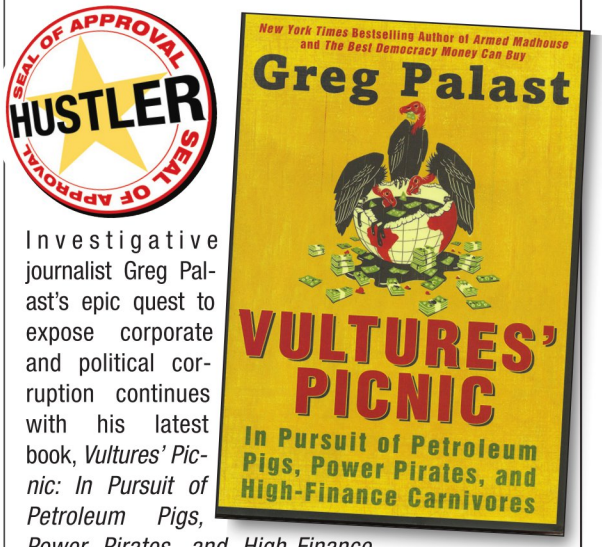
CELEBRITY FANTASY

WHAT WOULD Adele LOOK LIKE WITH A DICK IN HER MOUTH?

Multiple Grammy-winner Adele has apparently recovered from vocal cord surgery and returned to the recording studio. Here at HUSTLER, we're delighted that the British singer has been able to resume her career. Since we want Adele to keep churning out music for decades, we decided to reveal our patented deep-throat method for maintaining a healthy voice. (It only works if you swallow.)

DISCLAIMER. No such picture of Adele actually exists. Ladies, please don't attempt the HUSTLER deep-throat method at home. Penile insertion should only be performed by certified professionals like us. If you're a stunningly hot woman under the age of 30, you might qualify for a free treatment. Contact us immediately via telegraph or carrier pigeon. This composite fantasy picture is altered from the original for our imagination, does not depict reality and is not to be taken seriously for any purpose.

HUSTLER BOOK CLUB


SEAL OF APPROVAL
HUSTLER
SEAL OF APPROVAL
New York Times Bestselling Author of Armed Madhouse and The Best Democracy Money Can Buy
Greg Palast
VULTURES' PICNIC
In Pursuit of Petroleum Pigs, Power Pirates, and High-Finance Carnivores

Investigative journalist Greg Palast's epic quest to expose corporate and political corruption continues with his latest book, *Vultures' Picnic: In Pursuit of Petroleum Pigs, Power Pirates, and High-Finance Carnivores* (Dutton Adult, 432 pages). Palast trekked around the globe—from New Orleans to Fukushima to the Arctic Circle—to reveal in stunning detail what goes on behind the scenes with Big Oil and the nuclear industry. In addition, he provides front-line coverage of the war being waged by the financial elites—the megacorporations and the 1%—against the little guy. If you want to know how the world really works, this awesome book is a must-read. Palast, a first-rate muckraker, is also a generous fellow. The initial chapter of his new book can be downloaded for free at **VulturesPicnic.org**.

To order *Vultures' Picnic*, go to **VulturesPicnic.org** or **GregPalast.com**.

SMART AND SEXY

Ryder Skye loves working in the adult industry, but that hasn't prevented her from planning for the future. This porn performer has wisely chosen a career path that will benefit from her experiences. While pursuing a degree in gender studies, Ryder has launched a sex-advice Web site that capitalizes on her unique perspective. We're guessing that there aren't many relationship counselors out there with Ryder's combination of academic knowledge and on-screen fucking. Wouldn't you prefer getting sex advice from someone capable of giving you a boner? See for yourself at **Wanna-Ryder.com**.

"Men for the sake of getting a living forget to live." —MARGARET FULLER, JOURNALIST

NEWSBITES

FUCK AND RUN

Scientists have uncovered graphic details about the orb weaver spider's mating habits. This creature is sexually carnivorous, meaning that the chicks like to eat the dudes after intercourse. To counter this threat, the male orb weaver has two detachable penises. If a lady spider tries to chomp on the guy while they're boning, he scurries away, leaving a pecker behind to finish the job. (Semen continues to be delivered even after the organ is detached.) While this is a particularly odd adaptation, there are other examples of critters that consume their spouses. Among them are praying mantises, black widow spiders and the Kardashian sisters.

SHADY DRUGGIE

"The Senator" was the name bestowed on the fifth-oldest tree in the United States, an 89-foot-tall cypress that stood in Longwood, Florida, for 3,500 years. What finally brought The Senator down wasn't a hurricane or a logging company. Apparently, a female meth-head huddled beneath the tree and lit a fire to get a better look at her stash. The ensuing blaze swiftly consumed The Senator. With the demise of this majestic tree, the fifth-oldest piece of living wood in America is now John Kerry.

BOOZE FOR THE BRAIN

A recent study in the journal *Consciousness and Cognition* suggests that vodka—in just the right quantity—can improve creativity. When test subjects were liquored up to a blood alcohol level just below the .08 legal limit, they solved word puzzles more rapidly. Hopefully, this study will finally persuade employers to install a vodka dispenser next to the water cooler in the break room. While we're at it, when will heartless, penny-pinching companies bring back the employee opium den?

LOVE TIES

Last Valentine's Day, a Portland, Oregon, couple spiced up their relationship with some role-playing. The gal stripped nude, then allowed her boyfriend to tie her up and place duct tape over her mouth. There were no problems until the Romeo decided to cruise around town with the bound-and-gagged damsel in the backseat of his car. After cops spotted the naked passenger, the loony lovebirds were charged with disorderly conduct. We wonder what these two have planned for their anniversary. Dressing up like terrorists and fucking at the airport?

"Most people's deaths are a sham. There's nothing left to die." —CHARLES BUKOWSKI, WRITER

PIECE OF SHIT AWARD #33

TIMOTHY GEITHNER

For his new book *The Escape Artists*, Noam Scheiber conducted more than 250 interviews—many with past and current members of Barack Obama's administration—to compose a thorough portrait of the President's economic advisory team. Scheiber singles out Treasury Secretary Tim Geithner for criticism. The *New Republic* editor asserts that Geithner's stint running the New York Fed warped his view of Big Banking's importance to the country. Specifically, Scheiber describes Geithner's intense "conviction that anything that might cause the banks discomfort could tip the whole financial system back into chaos." Geithner's default position was always the same: Do whatever the banks want. Scheiber notes that Geithner's deferential tone with the too-big-to-fails allowed the banks to win so many concessions that the new financial regulations were essentially neutered. Scheiber's grim forecast is that the toothless reforms Obama managed to push through Congress will do nothing to avert another economic disaster. For this and many other reasons, we will shit on Timmy until he quits or gets canned.

PHOTO COURTESY HEATHER A. RESZ

"Warrior Within" sculpture

PUSSY POWER

A new statue erected outside a high school in Wasilla, Alaska—Sarah Palin's hometown—is causing a major controversy. The artists contend that their piece depicts two shields, appropriate imagery for a secondary school whose sports teams are known as the Warriors. Some residents, however, have complained that the 12-foot-tall sculpture resembles a pussy. Frankly, we're surprised that Wasilla is so outraged. Any burg that elected Sarah Palin as mayor must have some liking for giant, frigid vaginas.

PORN FROM THE PAST

This fine lady has pulled off to the side of the road for a quick refueling. She's a real guzzler, but back in the '50s, the price of a gallon of unleaded semen was amazingly low. Thanks to J.B. of North Bedford, Massachusetts, for this vintage photo. Send your smut of yesteryear to HUSTLER's Porn From the Past, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. Include a self addressed, stamped envelope if you want the material returned.

SCRUB YOURSELF DIRTY

Sienna Sinclaire is constructing her own Internet empire. This provocative entrepreneur, who started out as a fetish model and burlesque dancer, now has four online stores devoted to hawking her wares. Besides selling signed photos and providing telephone sex-consultation services, Sinclaire recently released an e-book (*Fetish Erotica Series 1*) and a line of soap molded to resemble her very own pussy.

To check out the whole kit and caboodle, visit **SiennaSinclaire.com** or **NaughtyLifestyleExpert.com**.

MOST TASTELESS CARTOON

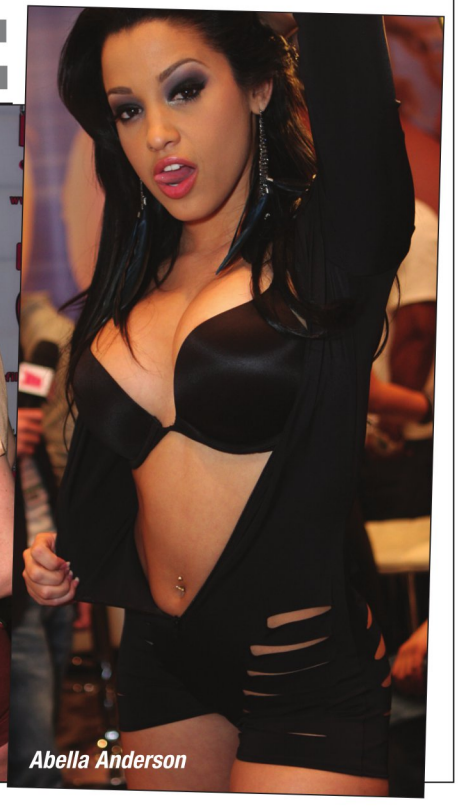
MAXIMUM EXPOSURE

The Adult Entertainment Expo might have changed venues, but it's still the sexiest trade show around. The annual event, which was usually held at the Sands Convention Center, migrated to a new Las Vegas location—the Hard Rock Hotel & Casino. More than 200 XXX performers were on hand to sign autographs and promote their DVDs. The confab went on for four days, which gave conventiongoers ample time to study the latest breakthroughs in the field of intercourse. Or just to stare at hot women's semi-exposed breasts.

Alexis Texas

Kayden Kross

Dana DeArmond


Abella Anderson

PHOTOS BY J.R. REYNOLDS AND EMMREPORT.COM

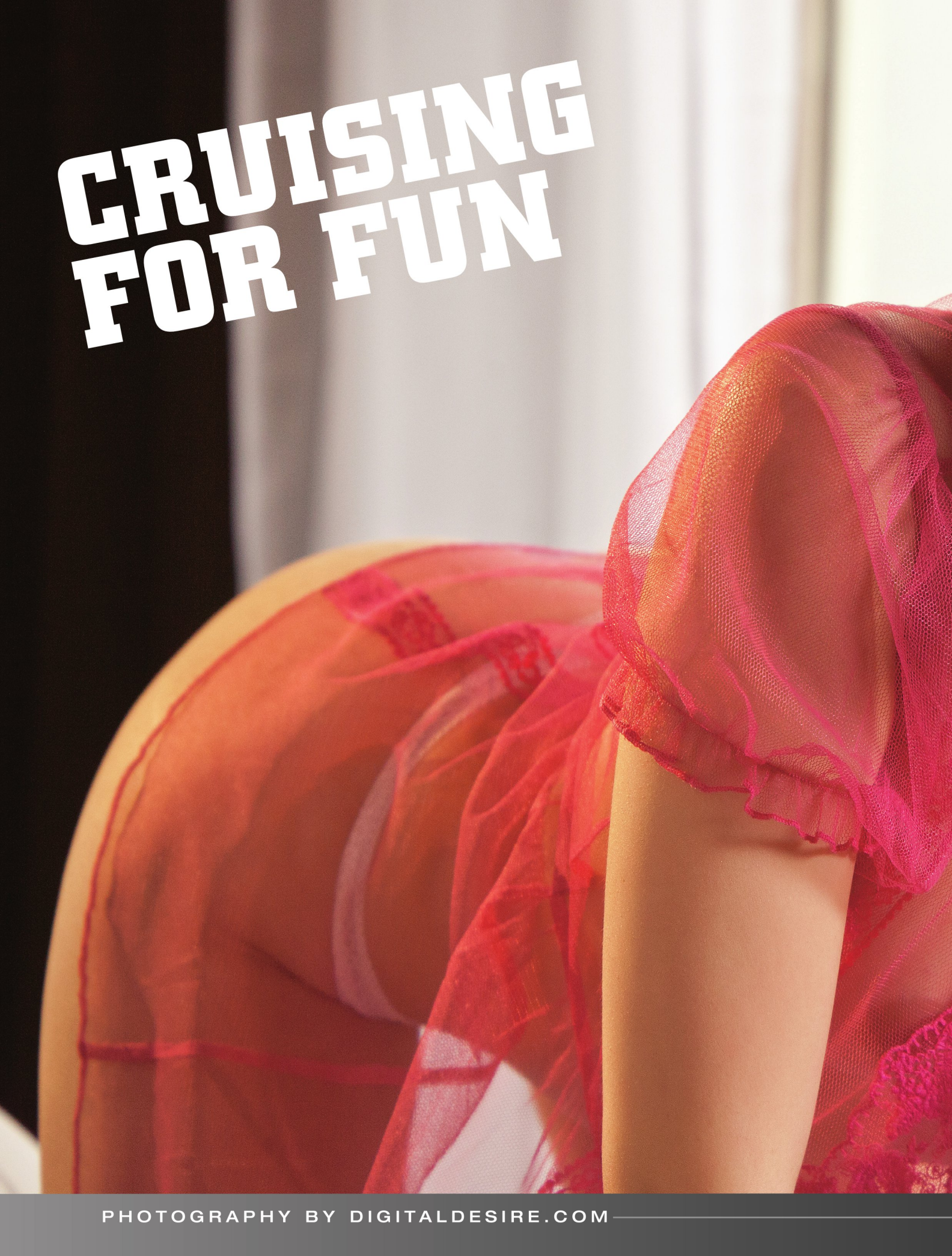
"Far and away the best prize that life has to offer is the chance to work hard at work worth doing." —THEODORE ROOSEVELT, U.S. PRESIDENT

"Had a trying day, dear?"

"We've found weapons of mass destruction in Iraq—in a room with 2 million uncounted Al Gore 2000 Presidential ballots."

"Where the hell did he get cherry bombs?"

CRUISING FOR FUN



PHOTOGRAPHY BY DIGITALDESIRE.COM

CASSIE LAINE

Good luck catching **Cassie Laine** sitting still. The diminutive dynamo is always on the go. "I have a very restless spirit," she divulges. "I don't have much patience for lazy people. I like to be active and doing things."

Cassie's favorite pastimes include working out, watching movies and taking road trips. "My friends and I will just decide to randomly drive somewhere like Flagstaff for the weekend," the sexy Southern Californian reveals.

"I like being spontaneous and open to new experiences," **Cassie** continues. "On that Arizona trip, we hiked part of the way down the Grand Canyon and ended up hanging out with these cool European guys who were touring America with their punk band. It was totally random and fun."

One thing **Cassie** can't do without is the company of her most treasured pals. "My friends are super-important to me," she asserts. "I've known a couple of them for half of my life, so they're practically like family."

When it comes to relationships, **Cassie** is still searching for the perfect dude. "It's hard for me to commit," she confides. "I'm always wondering who else is out there."

CASSIE'S VITAL FACTS: HOMETOWN: Pasadena, California | AGE: 19 | BIRTH SIGN: Scorpio | HEIGHT: 5-3 | WEIGHT: 95

"SILENT BOB" Speaks...and Steals

KEVIN SMITH

OUR EXCLUSIVE INTERVIEW WITH THE TRENDSETTING DIRECTOR OF *CLERKS*, *CHASING AMY* AND THE MUCH SCARIER *RED STATE*.

Kevin Smith is independent filmmaking at its best. Besides introducing the counterculture heroes Jay and Silent Bob, his 1994 debut movie *Clerks* helped define the genre of small-budget, do-it-yourself motion pictures. The New Jersey native has gone on to write and direct a string of remarkable flicks, including *Mallrats*, *Dogma* and our favorite, *Zack and Miri Make a Porno*.

Smith recently made a startling announcement: Admittedly "done" with cinema, he now plans to focus primarily on his live one-man shows and podcasting via his extremely popular SModcasts. Arts & Entertainment Editor Keith Valcourt got the full story straight from the horse's mouth, as Smith talked about his impending retirement, penultimate film (*Red State*) and social media in the entertainment business, plus his new love of weed and former habit of shoplifting copies of HUSTLER. (Don't get any ideas!)

HUSTLER: Do you know how many times we were told you would never do an interview with us?

KEVIN SMITH: That's ridiculous! I've been in HUSTLER in the past. I was still in Jersey, so it was in the 1990s when we were promoting *Jay and Silent Bob Strike Back*. It was a lovely three-page piece that legitimized my ability to keep porn on my desk publicly. I said, "There's an interview with me in it—as well as major gash-shots." (*Laughs.*) Never in a million years would I have turned down the chance to be in HUSTLER again. It's frustrating to hear, yet not surprising.

Do publicists prevent you from doing things you're up for?

Not anymore 'cause I no longer have one. I had a personal publicist. Then every movie studio you work with has their own publicist. Whoever is paying for the movie wants to control the flow of information. And I get it. There are millions of dollars at play. They want to control every piece of information because that's the way the studios have always done it.

That's all changed now with Facebook and Twitter.

In the age of social media, the floodgates are open. A science has built

up around this within the entertainment industry as people try to figure out social media and harness it. I heard from a social media guy whose company works with my agency—William Morris Endeavor—that all agencies are learning to use social media. But they don't like it because there's no control. Suddenly, if someone tweets me, "Can we do an interview?" and I say, "Yes," who needs a publicist?

Do you remember the first time you saw HUSTLER?

My cousin was the first person who actually showed me HUSTLER and taught me the difference between *Playboy* and HUSTLER. In *Playboy* the women looked very pretty, but in HUSTLER they looked real. And you got to see more. You actually got to see bush, which was a big term in the day. Bush! Once I saw HUSTLER, I had to own it. That's where Katz's Confectionery—which was a grill, coffee shop, magazine stand and five-and-dime all in one—came into play. They had a magazine wall to die for—a selection worthy of New York City. HUSTLER started me shoplifting because I certainly couldn't afford skin mags.

"I built up quite a collection of HUSTLERs and comic books too. I would keep them for two to three months and then pass them on to a friend. That's what you did before the Internet."

I would go to Katz's to peruse, then take stuff off the shelves to this area where they had a rack that faced away from the register. If you were behind it, they couldn't see you anymore. They had a bunch of stuff on the lower shelf like boxes of folders. I would lift that up, put whatever I grabbed under that and let a good cache build up over the course of a couple of weeks. Then I would go in with a big bag and do a collect. I would have all these magazines, and HUSTLER was the key to it all because that was the one worth getting caught for. When you want to jerk off, airbrushing is not good.

How many copies of HUSTLER did you end up stealing?

I did that for the better part of a fucking year. I built up quite a collection of HUSTLERs and comic books too. I would keep them for two to three months and then pass them on to a friend. That's what you did before the Internet. It's weird to think of a time before Internet porn.

Are you really going to stop making movies?

Yeah. *Hit Somebody* is going to be my last film. I think I'm done. I feel I'm done. I know I'm done. I knew I was done right around the time I was making *Zack and Miri* [2008]. At this point, it feels like I'm not doing anything original. I'm redoing myself, and I'm doing [comedy producer/director Judd] Apatow at the same time. I like the fact that when I got in the business, I pushed the edge of the envelope.

Clerks was different. *Mallrats* [1995], even though it was a throwback, was different at that time. And *Chasing Amy* [1997] was very fucking different. That stuff felt like I was doing art, doing something worthwhile. I was young, dumb and full of cum, piss and vinegar. The quality of the work is always going to be fucking better when you have that sense of urgency—that you *want* to tell stories.

Once you make films and tell stories for a living, it becomes your job. Suddenly it's not like, "Oh, man, I got a fire in my belly to do this!" It becomes, "Well, I make movies, so what movie are we going to make next year?"

Clerks, *Mallrats*, *Chasing Amy* and *Dogma* [1999] were the first 21 years of my life on film. Then I stopped living a real life and started living a pretend life. That's all you do; all your experiences are about making movies for a living. By the time I got to *Jay and Silent Bob Strike Back* [2001], what was that? It's a movie about making movies. I was able to find a way to try to make a mainstream movie. I've tried to blend so often in Hollywood and do one of *their* films.

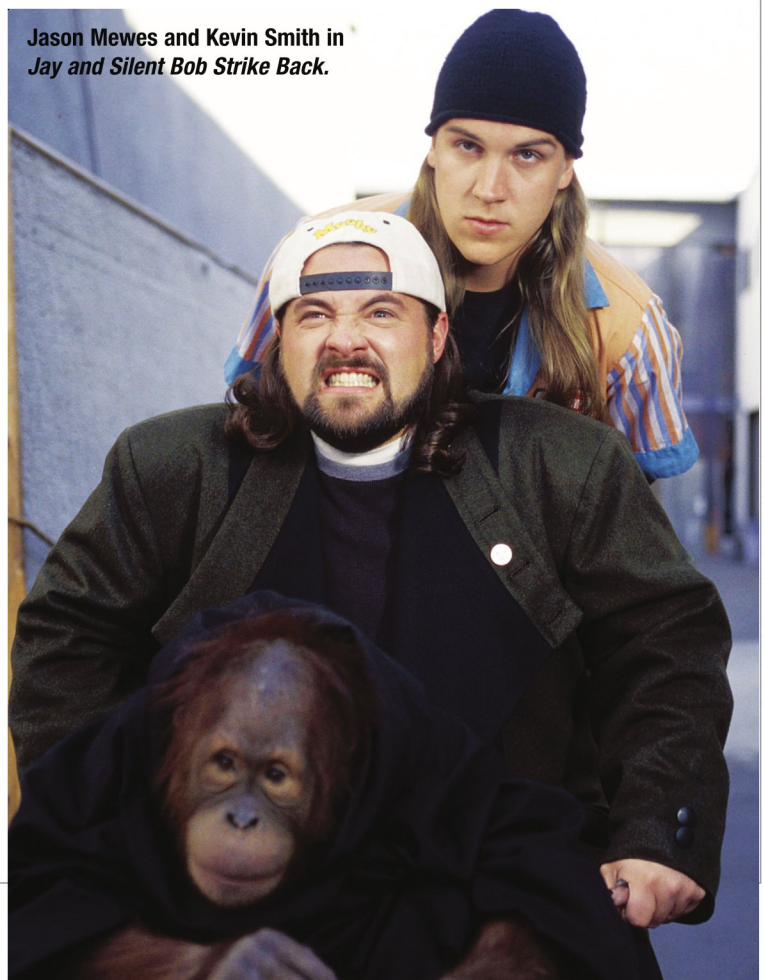
Is that why you did *Cop Out*?

Cop Out [2010] was me saying, "If I'm going to leave film altogether, then let me go out strong, make a couple of really good flicks and end my fucking career on a high note like a *Seinfeld* ending and then do other things." It was clear that podcasting was taking more of my time and that doing the live shows was more interesting. I had always said no to working for big studios. For years, Harvey Weinstein said to me, "The big studios are terrible. They make crap! We make art." [Editor's note: Weinstein is a big-time Hollywood producer and cofounder of Miramax Films, which bought and distributed *Clerks* and other Smith titles.]

After a while you realize there's no difference. Sometimes you get lucky on a movie, and it's really cool. Other times you don't get lucky, and it's crap. At Miramax, we were trained to believe we were making art, and it was us versus them—art versus banality and commerce. After a while we met the enemy, and they was us. *Cop Out* was me saying, "I always said I wouldn't do this shit. Let me see if I can do this shit—and see if I'll enjoy it."

Was making *Cop Out* as bad of an experience as we've heard?

Everything about it was awesome except for the one guy [Bruce Willis] who didn't seem like he wanted to be there. I'll be honest. We got a version of the dude I hoped we'd get when we went to



Jason Mewes and Kevin Smith in *Jay and Silent Bob Strike Back.*

PHOTOS BY LADI VON JANSKY EXCEPT WHERE INDICATED

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reshoots. I guess somebody talked to him, because that guy was with us for three days.

If you look at the movie, that is the really good stuff of his. He turned it on. But for the body of the shoot, he didn't seem interested in being there, which was disheartening because I took an 84% salary cut to make that movie. I got paid less than what I got paid on *Dogma* back in the day. At first, I kicked in half of my already-cut salary to get the movie green-lit—all because I wanted to work with Bruce Willis. I could be accused of setting the bar too high for him, but I don't think so. I'm a pretty easygoing cat.

When that was done, I knew I was not the guy who directs movies in a studio system. I could sit there treading water and making movies for somebody else, but that's not the kid who saw *Slacker* and said, "I wanna make films." I wasn't sitting there going, "I want to make somebody else's film and make a ton of money." That shit is nice, and I don't begrudge anyone for doing it, but that wasn't the calling I had.

If filmmaking was your calling, how can you suddenly leave it behind?

I don't know if filmmaking *was* my calling. Maybe it was for a very specific time. I wanted to make *Clerks*, and that was it. I thought, *We'll make this movie* Clerks*, and it will show people we know how to make movies. Then the next time, maybe they'll give us some money to make a movie so I don't have to pay for it myself.*

Then boom! It happened. Right place. Right time. We benefited from that perfect fucking timing, but I wasn't prepared to have an entire career doing this. I used to say, "Nobody could make the films I make." But it got to a point when I thought, *Well, somebody could make that.*

Jersey Girl? [Smith's 2004 romantic comedy] Anybody could do that. I loved being a filmmaker and never bitched about it. It gave me everything in life. It was an honor to have done it. I think it's run its course. It's time to leave it to the kids with that "fire in their belly" because they're gonna make better shit than I'm gonna make at this point. I want to go out strong, and that's what *Red State* is for me.

***Red State* is a real departure for you. Was it harder to make than a comedy?**

Easier in so many ways. *Red State* [2011] was the easiest movie I made since *Clerks* because it was with the same kind of "I don't give a fuck, let's try it" attitude. There was something nice about going back to make a film for art's sake. Do it for the love and not care what the critics would say.

Catholics howled in protest when you made *Dogma*. Were you worried that *Red State* might piss off all the extremist cults?

The "fuck you" doesn't come from the religious people on this movie. Even if I said this is based on Fred Phelps and the Westboro Baptist Church. That's a church [in Topeka, Kansas] of 20 or 30 people. Nobody in their right mind is standing up for that fucking church. I couldn't wait for someone to say, "This is an unfair depiction!" But thank God they were clearly all smart enough to say, "This is not worth fighting over."

(continued on page 87)

HUSTLER PERSONALS

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INTERVIEW BY LARRY FLYNT AND KEITH VALCOURT

The Art of Sexy . . .

DITA VON TEESE

THE UNDISPUTED QUEEN OF MODERN BURLESQUE COMES CLEAN ABOUT HER MARRIAGE TO ROCKER MARILYN MANSON, FASCINATION WITH PORN AND PLANS FOR THE FUTURE

Born Heather Renée Sweet, the future Dita Von Teese was raised in a blue-collar family that relocated from a Detroit suburb to Southern California when she was 12. By the time the natural blonde graduated from high school, she was determined to step into the spotlight. Heather's love of glamour, vintage lingerie and 1940s movie stars inspired the restless free spirit to take off her clothes for a living as a model and exotic dancer. Slowly but surely she transformed herself from a shy girl-next-door into an international icon of beauty, style and smoldering sensuality.

Dita stopped by HUSTLER to meet her hero Larry Flynt and chat about an amazing odyssey that started with bookings at the same strip clubs frequented by a fledgling porn star named Jenna Jameson. Dita also discusses the difference between striptease and burlesque, who still gets to call her Heather and what she wears to bed.

HUSTLER: How did a girl from Michigan become an international sex symbol?

DITA VON TEESE: There were a lot of things that led to this. I was a middle child and really ordinary compared to my sisters. I wanted to have glamour and be noticed. I liked watching old movies with my mom when I was little. I would see Marlene Dietrich, Rita Hayworth and Betty Grable. I loved the Technicolor look of them, the pristine makeup and perfect hair. There was a moment where I realized that it was all made up. There was nothing natural about that kind of beauty, and that appealed to me because I could never really feel like I was beautiful without all that stuff.

What was the first step of your transformation into "Dita"?

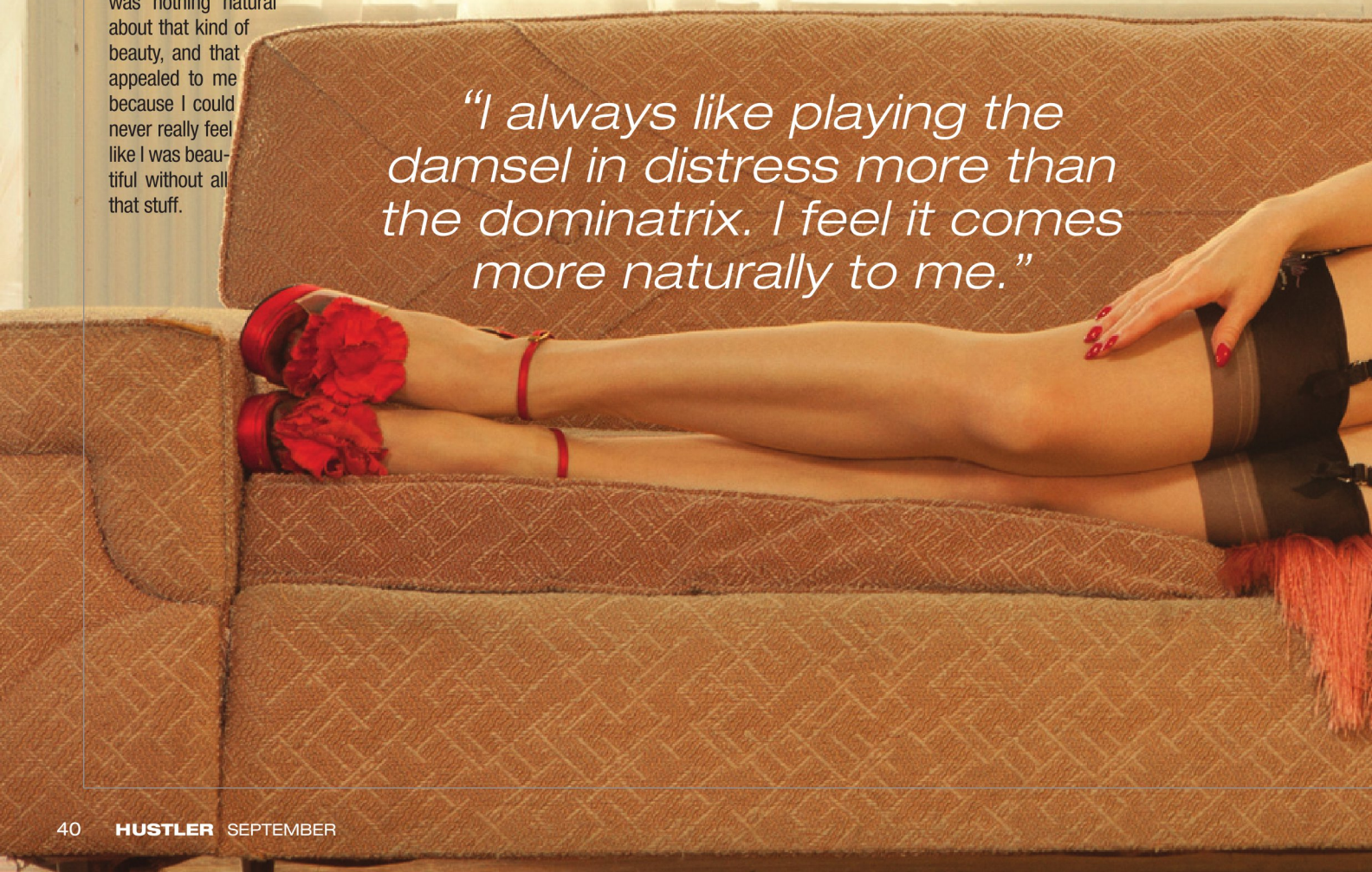
I remember the first time I ever put on red lipstick. I still had blond hair. That punch of color really did something for me. It changed the way I felt. From there I started to transform myself. It just became more and more extreme.

Why did you dye your hair black?

First I went from natural blond to bright red and then black. I really enjoyed playing with the transformation process. I noticed how people treated me differently with black hair. I got more respect when I was made up and dressed nicely. I liked how that felt.

I've always been pretty shy. I used to get sent to speech therapy classes because I hated speaking in class and would do anything to not have the spotlight on me. In some ways, the black hair made people afraid to approach me. That was a good way to counteract my shyness. It was a way of creating distance from people. I didn't want to know the people wearing "University of Whatever" T-shirts, ball caps and sweats who called me a vampire from across the street. It brought me closer to the people I did want to know, like those who were eccentric—artists and people in music.

I've always liked the idea that everything I do instills passion—be it love or hate. People either love what I do or they don't understand or don't get it. They think it's dirty or bad. I can't say that I do what I do to make other people happy.



When did you cease being Heather Renée Sweet?

I don't know if there was a specific moment in time, and I don't ever feel like I am two people. I have that "a rose by any other name would smell just as sweet" thing. My name doesn't really mean anything to me other than the fact that "Heather" is who I am to my family and my friends who have known me for more than 20 or 25 years. When I have a boyfriend, I want to be known as "Heather."

When you were married to Marilyn Manson, did he call you Heather?

It was kind of a weird thing. He would never call me by my real name because he didn't want to be called by *his* real name [Brian Hugh Warner]—not even by his family. We had a lot of similarities in our re-creations. We were both from the Midwest. We both wanted to transform ourselves.

Since you had a great deal of ballet training, why didn't you become a professional ballerina?

I danced ballet all my life in Michigan and in Orange County [California]. I loved ballet. I wasn't that good at it, but my whole ballet training is instilled inside me and is part of why I'm good as a burlesque dancer.

When did you discover burlesque?

I was working in a lingerie store when I was a teenager, and I wanted to know the history of lingerie. I wanted to know when the bra was invented and why women wore pantyhose and not garter belts. I started to study the time line of lingerie, and in the process of doing that I fell in love with all the 1930s and '40s pinup imagery. I became enthralled with that, and that led me to discover men's magazines of the '30s and '40s. The women posing in those magazines were burlesque dancers.

What is the difference between burlesque and striptease?

They're not different. Even now when you open up HUSTLER, a lot of the girls are probably exotic dancers. That hasn't changed since the '30s. Instead of strip clubs, there were burlesque theaters, and the headliners of those shows were striptease stars. When I discovered this, I thought it was so cool that those pinup pictures in the old men's magazines were taken to promote the headliners' striptease shows.

People don't always get what the word *burlesque* means. I've read in the media that "Dita Von Teese is that stripper style of burlesque." There *is* no other style. Showbiz burlesque *is* striptease.

Where did your stage name come from?

I was working at a strip club in Orange County. I was underage too. I didn't expect to get hired. When I got to the club, they said, "What do you want your name to be?" I didn't know that any of the girls didn't use their real names at a strip club. I couldn't think of anything the first night. The second night I had just seen a movie from the 1920s starring an actress named Dita Parlo. I told them, "I'm going to be 'Dita.'"

I was just "Dita," the one name, for years—even when I started being published in magazines. Then in the mid-'90s I posed for *Playboy* for their newsstand specials, and they told me I had to have a last name. I fought them. They forced me to. I thought "Von" was really aristocratic and cool. I pulled out the Orange County phone book and saw "Von Treese" and thought, *That sounds cool.* So I called *Playboy* and said, "I'm going to be Dita Von Treese." They were like, "Whatever."

Then the magazine comes out. I'm all excited. I run to the liquor store and open it up, and there was "Dita Von *Teese*"! And it stuck. It's one of those names that seems so perfect, but it was an accident, and that's the way things should be.

How did you turn your love of glamour into a career?

I started my career as a Bettie Page look-alike in the early '90s. No one was doing that at the time, especially not in men's magazines. I set out to bring style and eroticism together because I felt like it was missing. I wanted to do something different and change the way things were. I worked for *Penthouse*, *Playboy* and, I think, HUSTLER. Everyone wanted me to go back to my blond hair and get some color in my skin. They said, "Then you could be a famous model in the erotic world." I thought, *Why?* There were so many models that looked like that already. I thought it made more sense financially and personally for me to do what I love.

Is it true you do your own styling and makeup?

When I started, I couldn't afford a stylist. I found my-

A meeting of icons: Dita & our man Flynt.

PHOTO BY LADI VON JANSKY

ALL PHOTOS COURTESY DITA VON TEESE EXCEPT WHERE INDICATED

self in the world of the red carpet. I would meet designers like Jean Paul Gaultier and John Galliano. They loved the fact that I'd pick the most extravagant things from their collections. I picked the see-through things, the outrageous things that most people are afraid to wear on the red carpet because they're afraid of being called "worst dressed" in whatever magazine. I can't think of anyone else I know who doesn't have a stylist. There's also the fear of making a mistake. If you don't have a stylist, who are you going to blame when they say you're the worst dressed at the Oscars? You can't blame yourself. That would be weird.

Was fetish model Bettie Page your biggest influence?

When I started, I was very into creating Bettie Page-style pictures. One of the things that made Bettie Page so great and so legendary wasn't that she looked good holding a whip and had black hair. It was that she was racy. There are pictures of her with her legs spread, hog-tied and no underwear, and it's intense. Part of what made Bettie Page so special and memorable is that she had a playful attitude. People don't remember that.

Do you mind being compared to burlesque legend Gypsy Rose Lee?

I love Gypsy Rose Lee because she represents what I do mostly in my life—striptease. She did it in such an amazing way that she was accepted in the mainstream, which was a big deal for a stripper.

Do you think you were born too late?

Not really. I think it's more important now than ever that there is someone doing what I do. The burlesque movement has been going in the wrong direction. People are saying, "We don't take off our clothes now. We're classy, and it's all about the tease." I think it's blasphemy because those innovators—Gypsy Rose Lee, Sally Rand and Lili St. Cyr—*did* take their clothes off. I'm glad that I'm here today in the real burlesque scene to keep doing it the right way with pasties and G-strings. It would be sad if everything got sanitized for commercial use.

There is burlesque all over the world now. It has changed a lot since I started in 1992. Back then, I was touring clubs. I would be there the week after Jenna Jameson or Chasey Lain. I was in that whole circuit of those girls. That is where our [modern-day] burlesque started. Me and a couple of other girls would do these elaborate shows with feather fans and giant champagne glasses.

What is sexy to you?

I feel like my ideas of sexy are ever-changing. What I thought was sexy when I was 19 is different from what I thought was sexy at age 30 and what I now think is sexy. Charisma and kindness are sexy.

Model, actress, author and fashion icon Dita Von Teese has, indeed, proven time and again that her unique talents extend far beyond the area of striptease. Now the "Queen of Burlesque" can add clothing designer to her impressive list of titles. "Von Follies," Dita's vintage-inspired lingerie line—sexy samples of which she displays here—is currently exclusive to Target stores in Australia. However, the strikingly erotic wardrobe can still be ordered by simply visiting Shop.Target.com.au. Looking good, Dita!

Are you a sex expert?

People assume that I know everything about seducing men. I don't at all. The first time I dyed my hair black, my boyfriend was mortified that I would do that to my natural blond hair. I feel like everything I've ever done stylistically with my look and my wardrobe has been going against what men wanted.

Are you a fan of porn?

I *am* a fan of pornography, but I have to say I get distracted easily. I don't want my porn too geared toward women. I want it really dirty. I also don't like the look of a lot of the modern porn stars. I hate the blonde with overinflated, tanned boobs—the modern stripper look. I like Sasha Grey. I look for her movies because she's got it all. She's beautiful and not trying to look like the cliché porn star. I think there's kind of a void in porn. You either get the Andrew Blake gorgeous sumptuousness or the real raw and dirty. How do you bring the two together? I don't know. I'd like to direct a porn movie.

Do you think you'll ever get married again?

I'd like to. What I like the most is being engaged. The best part is that "I want to marry you" feeling. I would like to just get engaged a bunch of times. But apparently when you only get engaged, you don't get to keep the ring. (*Laughs.*)

You've done a lot of fetish modeling, so what are *your* personal fetishes?

All my fetishes have been about two things. I always like playing the

damsel in distress more than the dominatrix. I feel it comes more naturally to me. I've also always loved old-fashioned rope bondage. Of course the clothing and other things that exaggerate femininity have always been really attractive to me: corsets, long black gloves, extreme high heels, red lipstick, red fingernails.

What do you wear to bed at night?

I collect vintage negligees. I either sleep in one of those or I sleep nude.

Every time you are photographed, you are dressed to the nines, the ultimate in glamour. Do you ever dress down?

I dress comfortably, but everything I wear is still in the same realm. When the paparazzi capture me at my worst—say going to the grocery store or whatever—I wear ballet flats and a simple '50s dress with not a lot of makeup. The tabloids love to call me dowdy even when I'm wearing something classic. I don't have a fashion alter ego.

Is it safe to assume you don't own any sweatpants?

Yes, it is. For Halloween though I do like to dress up in jeans and stuff. I put on a blond wig and bronzer. No one recognizes me, and I love it.

How close to the real Dita Von Teese was the character you played on *CSI*?

It was easy for me in the parts when I was onstage as Rita Von Squeeze. As soon as I was out of my element, without my hair done up and red lipstick on, I totally turned back into Heather Sweet. Dita was missing. It was interesting for me to step outside of my comfort zone and let people see me without makeup on.

What do you think is the biggest misconception people have about you?

That I'm a stupid stripper and that what I do is easy—even when I go to the Crazy Horse [in Paris]. I go into [a venue] with my music, costumes and ideas on how everything should be. People don't really understand the work and heart that goes into my shows.

Are you still collecting classic cars?

Yeah. I just bought a 1939 baby blue Packard. I'm really excited about getting it on the road. I also have a burgundy 1946 Ford convertible, and I have a 1965 Jaguar S-type that I'm about to sell because I have my eye on something else. I'm a little bit like a man when it comes to classic cars.

Are you planning on writing another book?

I'm finishing up my step-by-step how-to glamour guide on eccentric beauty. It's about looking different and breaking the rules of beauty.

What else are you up to?

Right now my focus is on performing shows. I'm trying to get on the road and do shows for my real fans and my real audience instead of just at fancy VIP parties. I'm also fine-tuning the perfect anticelebrity fragrance: perfume for a femme fatale. I also just signed a new lingerie deal. My goal this time around is to bring retro glamour and good quality to women of all shapes and sizes.

How would you like to be remembered?

I guess I'd like people to know the truth about me. Maybe somebody could make a proper movie about my life the way they did about yours, Larry. A lot of people wouldn't know what an amazing story your life is and what an amazing person you are if that film [*The People vs. Larry Flynt*] hadn't been made. I want people to know why I did what I did, where I started and how I got to be me.

Who would play you?

I would like them to choose someone completely unknown. (*Laughs.*) Or Sherilyn Fenn.

"Yes, we do get a lot of Catholic priests down here..."

CLEAN LIVING, DIRTY MIND

PHOTOGRAPHY BY LADI VON JANSKY

JESSIE ANDREWS

Jessie Andrews is one of the hottest newcomers in porn. The 19-year-old cleaned up during the 2012 awards season, earning trophies from both *AVN* and XBIZ for her performance in *Portrait of a Call Girl*. XBIZ also crowned her Best New Starlet.

Although **Jessie** gets wild in front of the camera, her home life tends to be fairly tame. “My ideal evening would start with a workout,” the babe elaborates. “Then dinner at Forage [a trendy L.A. restaurant]. Next I’d head home, turn the bath on, cut up some navel oranges and soak myself in bath salt.”

Besides being truly uninhibited, **Jessie** has some very wholesome habits. “My passions are staying in shape, eating healthy and enjoying myself as much as I possibly can,” she relates. In her downtime, the Florida native likes watching movies (*Fight Club* is a favorite) and listening to tunes. (Her top artists include Calvin Harris, Phoenix and Chromeo.)

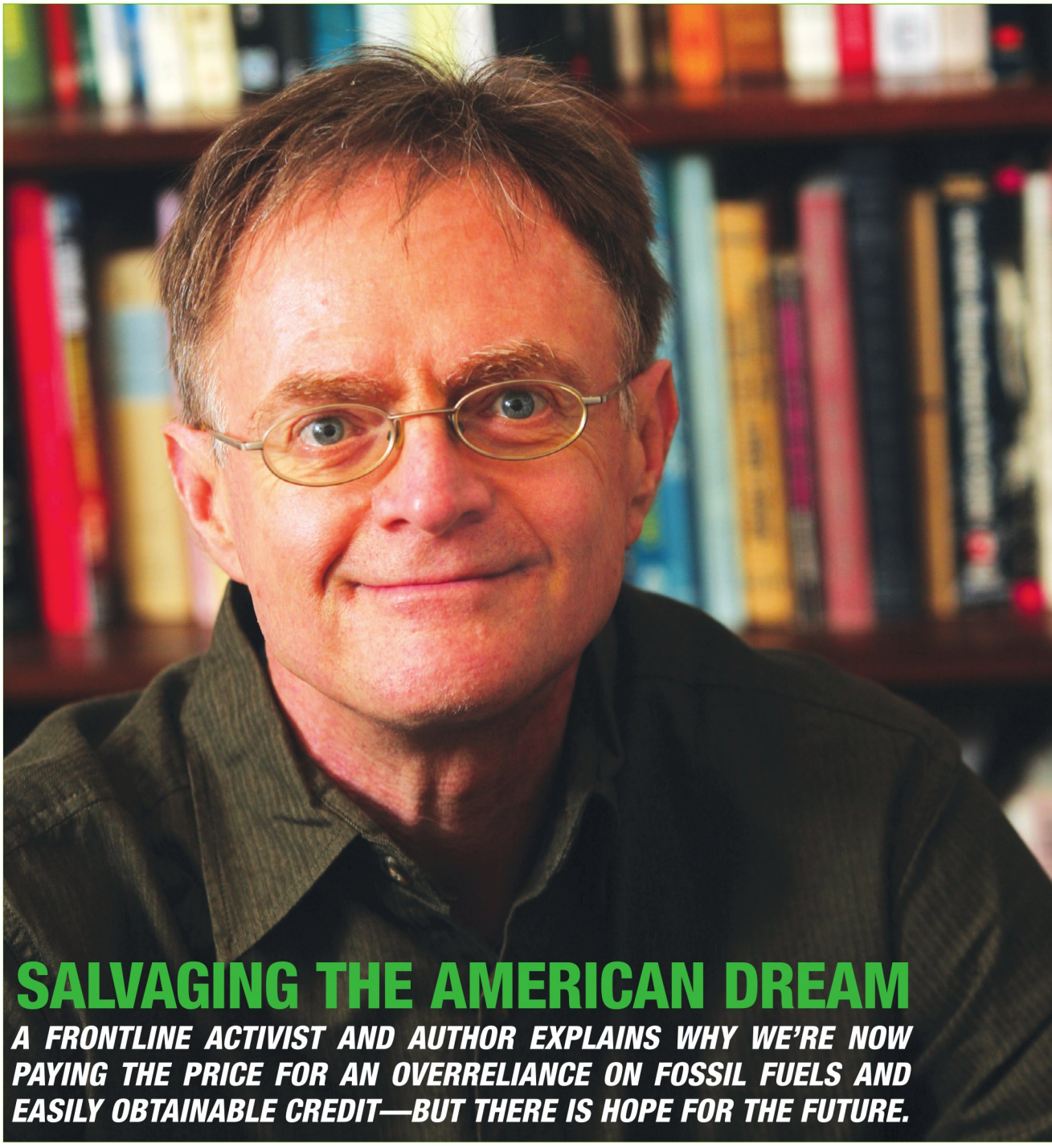
Jessie’s initial foray into the adult industry had a very practical motivation. “A friend asked me to be an extra in a porn flick,” **Jessie** recalls. “She told me how much the performers made, and that’s when I decided to enter the biz.”

Level-headed **Jessie** enjoys her new line of work—she had a particularly great time shooting *Portrait of a Call Girl*—but sometimes the realities of making a XXX flick can be a drag. "Believe it or not, sitting on a set for 17 hours isn't the most fun way to spend a day," the young hottie remarks.

For more Jessie Andrews, we recommend *Barely Legal #112* from HUSTLER Video. Call (toll-free) 800-763-8271 ext. 7651, visit **HustlerStore.com** or go to page 124 to order by mail.

JESSIE'S VITAL FACTS: HOMETOWN: Miami | AGE: 19 | BIRTH SIGN: Aries | HEIGHT: 5-8 | WEIGHT: 125

THE Q&A RICHARD HEINBERG



SALVAGING THE AMERICAN DREAM

A FRONTLINE ACTIVIST AND AUTHOR EXPLAINS WHY WE'RE NOW PAYING THE PRICE FOR AN OVERRELIANCE ON FOSSIL FUELS AND EASILY OBTAINABLE CREDIT—BUT THERE IS HOPE FOR THE FUTURE.

Gasoline prices are spiraling, nations are fighting over oil, economies are collapsing and protesters are taking to the street in cities around the world. Coincidence? Not on your life.

In his new book *The End of Growth: Adapting to Our New Economic Reality*, Richard Heinberg connects the dots, revealing what the smart money already knows: You can't have unlimited growth without cheap energy and easy credit. And both of those are drying up. Prepare to live differently.

Heinberg—an energy expert and educator who has written ten books—leads an ongoing campaign to transition the U.S. economy away from fossil fuels. He is also Senior Fellow-in-Residence at the Post Carbon Institute, a nonprofit organization dedicated to building sustainable communities.

HUSTLER: Is the current economic recovery real?

RICHARD HEINBERG: We have managed to produce a technical recovery over the past couple of years through enormous amounts of government intervention. We've bought ourselves some time, but it came with a big price tag—several trillion dollars if you total it all up in stimulus spending and bailouts for the banks.

The problem is it's all temporary. It wasn't an ordinary

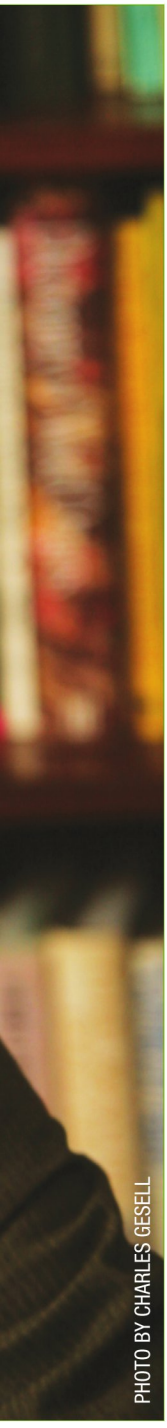


PHOTO BY CHARLES GESELL

recession, and this isn't a standard recovery. We're not shifting back into a normal growth mode where we can expect declining unemployment, increased productivity, higher profits and increased return on investments. We are in the early stages of a much longer-term economic shift that is going to look like the Great Depression, only worse and longer-lasting.

Twenty-twelve could be a key year. In 2008, the mother of all debt bubbles burst. That crisis was papered over with bailouts that enabled the banks to hide trillions in toxic assets. It's only a matter of time before those toxic assets get to market. When that happens, much of the financial industry will be revealed to be insolvent.

The Europeans are also going to extraordinary lengths to contain their debt crisis, but there's not much they can do. When the European bubble bursts, it's going to infect us. U.S. banks own European bonds and have interlocking investments with European banks. There's no way you can keep that sort of thing contained.

The global economy is imploding, and we're running out of oil at the same time. What's the connection?

Cheap energy fed economic growth during the 20th century, and the era of cheap energy is coming to an end. There are all kinds of unconventional fossil fuels out there being touted as the next great energy source, but all of them are very low-grade substitutes. They have a much lower energy return on the energy we invest getting them out of the ground and processing them.

"CHEAP ENERGY FED ECONOMIC GROWTH DURING THE 20TH CENTURY, AND THE ERA OF CHEAP ENERGY IS COMING TO AN END."

The entire economy depends on energy. If oil becomes too expensive or the oil flow is shut off, the economy goes into a tailspin. We've seen this repeatedly over the past several decades. In 2008, we saw the oil price spike up to almost $150 a barrel, and almost immediately the global economy crashed. The housing bubble burst at the same time. Where did it start? In suburban areas where people were spending a large portion of their paycheck to fill up the tank in their SUV.

By September 2008, we were seeing the collapse of Lehman Bros. and the near-collapse of the entire Wall Street banking industry. As energy gets costlier and more scarce, the entire economy has to contract and adapt in response.

Wall Street has its way of making the problem worse by spinning out debt on the basis of expectation of future profits. Even if we didn't have the problem of peak oil, we would be facing a financial crisis as a result of overreliance on debt and unrealistic growth. But combine those two things—limits to cheap energy and limits to debt—and you have a historic challenge to civilization itself. We're looking at a whole generation of social, economic and political chaos.

Go ahead and lay the blame. Whose fault is it?

It's everybody's fault in that we all got hooked on economic growth and cheap energy. We've all participated in the consumer bonanza. But some of us have profited from this situation more than others.

The government commission that was appointed to analyze the financial crash of 2008 came to the conclusion that there was criminal behavior on the part of executives at several institutions, including Goldman Sachs. So far no one has been prosecuted. Clearly that is a political failure. People should be in prison as a result of what was done.

Every politician wants to promise more economic growth. Can you imagine being a politician—either Democrat or Republican—and having to stand up before your constituents and say, "Well, this is it folks. We're going to have to tighten our belts and do with less because we've reached the end of economic growth"? The electorate is going to vote for someone who promises more, cheaper and faster even if it can't be delivered. All these bailouts are aimed at salvaging economic growth.

Is it a losing game?

It's inevitable that we will get rid of the growth ideology, not because we suddenly all wise up, but just because it becomes impossible to maintain growth. The growth we're hooked on is not something that's been going on for centuries or millennia. It's only been happening for a few decades. The normal condition is very slow growth, stasis or occasional contraction.

We've gotten to a point in history where economic growth as we've known it is probably finished. We should have known this point would arrive because you can't grow anything forever on a finite planet. In fact, we were warned back in the early 1970s by a best-selling report called *The Limits to Growth*, which told us that growth would come to an end sometime in the early part of the 21st century.

After that report, it ought to have been clear to policymakers that nations should be making plans for an eventual end to economic growth. But as far as I can tell, no such Plan B exists. That is a catastrophic failure on the part of our political system.

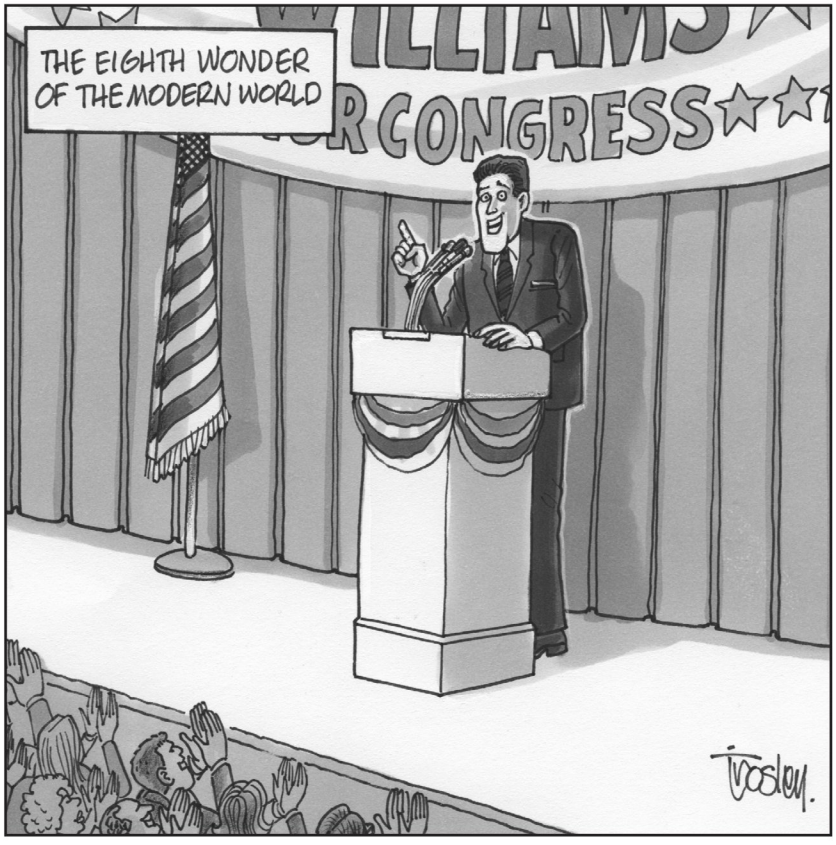
Since about 1980, most of America's economic growth has been based on increasing debt. Debt has grown faster than gross domestic product in almost every year. Now we've reached the limits to what we can do not only with cheap energy but also with debt. At this point the only thing we can do is hunker down, get back to basics and learn how to live in an economy that's not growing.

What does that mean on the individual level?

The first thing to do is get out of debt. Debt becomes more and more of a trap in this kind of a situation. If you're going into debt, you're assuming your economic circumstances are going to be better a few years down the line. That's an unrealistic assumption at this point in time for almost anyone to make. This is a good time to be paying off debts, reducing consumption and learning how to be more self-sufficient.

Advertising has deliberately stoked human wants and desires in order to create opportunity for economic growth. We have to find ways of satisfying our innate desire for novelty that don't express themselves through taking the credit card to the mall and maxing it out. Learning to satisfy those urges by doing things that actually improve our survival prospects. Learning how to grow food and preserve food, getting chickens for the backyard and

Once you has had a socialist, foreign-born, Muslim President who's black, you never go back.
slap
Aw, shucky ducky. You know dat's right!



"I don't drink or smoke. I don't lie, steal or take bribes. I'm faithful to my wife and have never sucked cock in an airport men's room!"

learning how to take care of them are activities that are actually very pleasurable and can be quite absorbing. But they actually improve our survival prospects rather than diminish them, which is what happens when we go shopping.

The challenge that's facing us is one that is best faced in a cooperative and collective way. The tendency is to go out and become a survivalist and stockpile ammunition and gold, but I don't think that's going to get anyone very far under the conditions that are developing. The best we can do is try to work together within our communities to build trust because trust is going to be our most important currency. That will mean sharing more, volunteering more, figuring out what are the needs within our communities and how we can work together to fill those needs. These are the kinds of things that people do in hard times. If you look back at how people survived the Great Depression, for example, they did exactly these kinds of things. It's human instinct to pull back and regroup.

What would a post-growth economy look like?

It looks a lot like an ecosystem. In an ecosystem, the total amount of energy and materials flowing through is pretty much the same from year to year, and yet an ecosystem is a dynamic thing. Some species are expanding in numbers, others are declining, and there's general competition for the available energy and nutrients.

A post-growth economy is going to be dynamic. What makes it different from our current economy is that there will be no realistic expectation of living off of returns on investments. In a growing economy, credit and debt become central features, and a large class of people is able to live off investments and unearned income. In a nongrowing economy, everybody's going to have to pull his own weight.

Corporations were a signal feature of the growth era of economic history. I'm not sure that they're very well adapted to the post-growth era. I foresee cooperatives and guilds and individual producers competing and cooperating in various ways to make the economy go. A nongrowing economy looks and feels much healthier because everyone is playing by the same rules.

What are the first things you would do to fix the current economic system?

The first would be to get rid of gross domestic product as a measure and target for economic performance. We have to begin to see quality of life as our main goal. The second would be to provide the basics for everyone. I'm talking about food, shelter, basic medical care, education, family planning. Having access to those basics will give us a platform of social stability to enable us to deal with the whole range of challenges coming at us.

A lot of people will read this and think, *This guy is a socialist.*

Socialism was a utopian program. I'm talking about the needed immediate response to an almost-wartime situation. In times of war, governments resort to extraordinary economic measures—like rationing fuel and food—to make sure that there's a platform of social stability to support the extraordinary effort that the

(continued on page 151)

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KIERA WINTERS

Whenever **Kiera Winters** is feeling horny, she knows right where to go: her DVD collection. "I'm obsessed with *The Notebook*," she admits. "I watch that movie a lot, and I get totally swept up by it every time. I would love to re-create the scene where the two main characters have crazy, romantic sex in that abandoned house."

Kiera hasn't been able to reenact that cinematic moment yet, but she has screwed with reckless abandon in some interesting places. "My most memorable experience was definitely when I had sex in a moving car," **Kiera** reveals. "It was so scary and so completely worth it!"

While **Kiera** is obviously a thrillseeker, her ideal evening is surprisingly mellow. "My perfect night would be spent hanging out on the beach with my special someone," notes the Idaho native who recently moved to Southern California. "I like the feeling of being close to a guy, out under the stars, with no troubles or worries at all."

We have **Kiera**'s pals to thank for her decision to pursue nude modeling. "I wasn't sure if I'd be any good," the pint-sized beauty explains, "but I had a few friends talk me into shooting some pictures. I decided right away I liked how girly and pretty it made me feel."

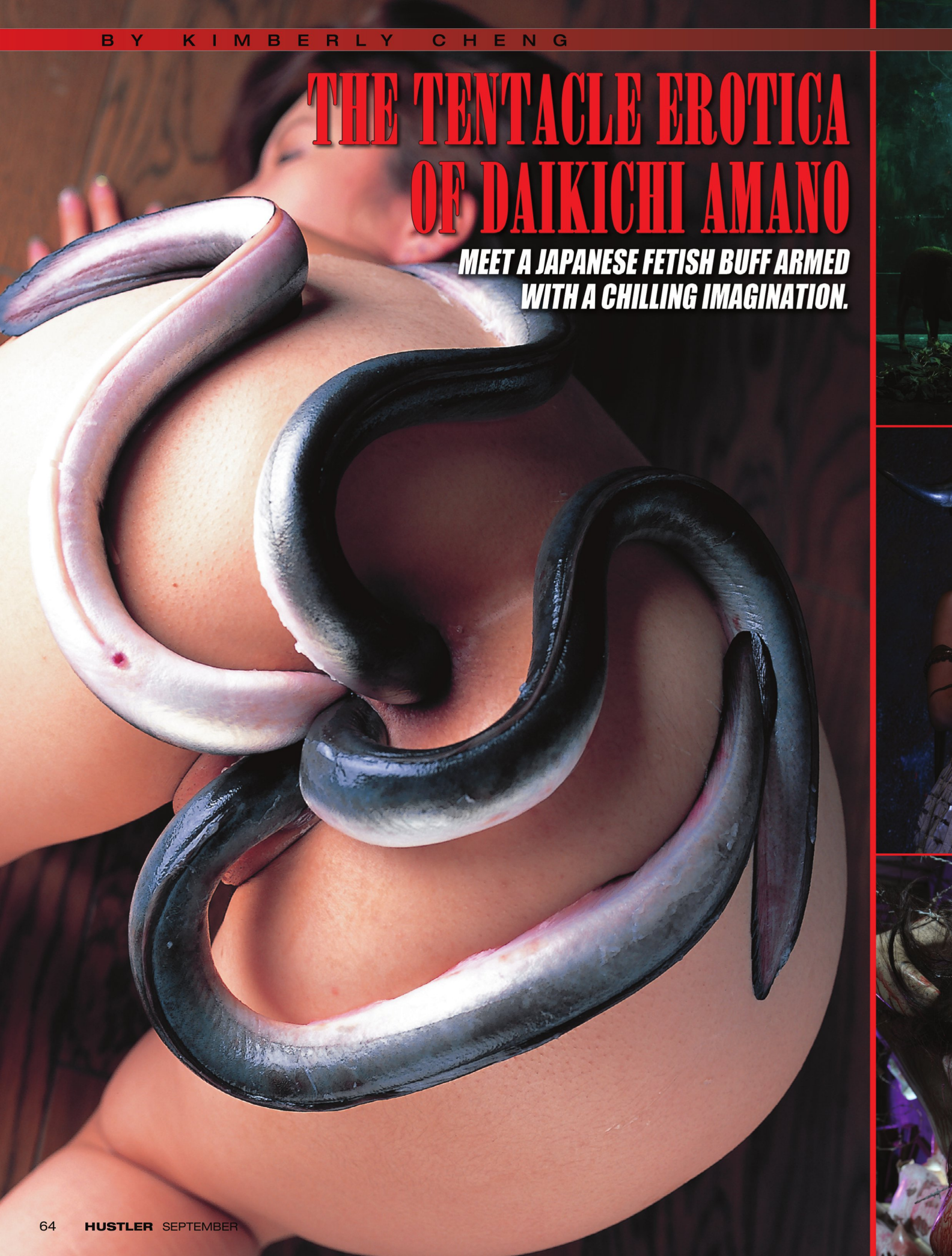
KIERA'S VITAL FACTS: HOMETOWN: Coeur d'Alene, Idaho | AGE: 19 | BIRTH SIGN: Aquarius | HEIGHT: 5-2 | WEIGHT: 94

Even though **Kiera** is enjoying her work, the neophyte's priority right now is to go with the flow. "I don't have these specific things I feel like I have to do," she relates. "I really just want to be happy with anything and everything I do, no matter where life takes me."

BY KIMBERLY CHENG

THE TENTACLE EROTICA OF DAIKICHI AMANO

MEET A JAPANESE FETISH BUFF ARMED WITH A CHILLING IMAGINATION.



Viewing Daikichi Amano's macabre artistic creations can be either an arousing or disturbing experience. That's because his twisted wizardry depicts an almost-unthinkable concept: squids, octopuses, eels, goldfish, bugs, frogs and other creatures exploring the most intimate crevices of Amano's intrepid models. To say the least, his dark world pushes the envelope to edgy extremes.

Straddling the line between art and pornography, Amano produces photographs and videos that celebrate the female body as both strikingly beautiful and revoltingly violated. This strange dichotomy comes to life at his Genki Genki studio in Tokyo. (*Genki genki* means *good feeling*.)

Anything goes for the self-proclaimed "perverted master of fish and girls"—even eating the icky creatures he uses as props, thus avoiding wasteful animal cruelty. Scorpions, Amano claims, "taste just like prawns," and "beetle larvae normally look pretty foul, but they look even worse chewed up. Dark black liquid squirts out of their bodies, and they emit a very peculiar odor. It smells like semen."

Scorpions and beetle larvae may taste fine, but they certainly don't feel as good against a woman's naked body as eels and weatherfishes. "The slipperiness of eels and weatherfishes is the best match," Amano explains. "The most active ones in a vagina are weatherfishes, which are smaller than eels. Most women say it feels good because they go deep inside and move around their vagina."

According to Daikichi, there's another reason why eels and weatherfishes are preferable. "They look like penises," he points out.

In fact, that's where this deliciously insane fetish has its roots. Images—both erotic and metaphoric—of sirens being overpowered by sea creatures date as far back as the 19th century. But it wasn't until the mid-to-late 1980s that what's come to be labeled as "tentacle erotica" appeared in Japanese anime.

Toshio Maeda created the modern Japanese paradigm of tentacle porn to circumvent strict censorship regulations prohibiting the depiction of genitalia, especially the penis. Going far beyond graphic illustrations, photographer and cinematographer Amano began showcasing his own shocking work in 2007.

"I don't have any firm thoughts about bestiality," he says. "For me, it's not like abusing living things by force. It's like playing with them. Or it's like a human is molested by them. … I make these [photographs and] movies out of my personal curiosity and craving. So showing [them to the public] arouses me with a similar excitement [as] when I am masturbating in front of other people."

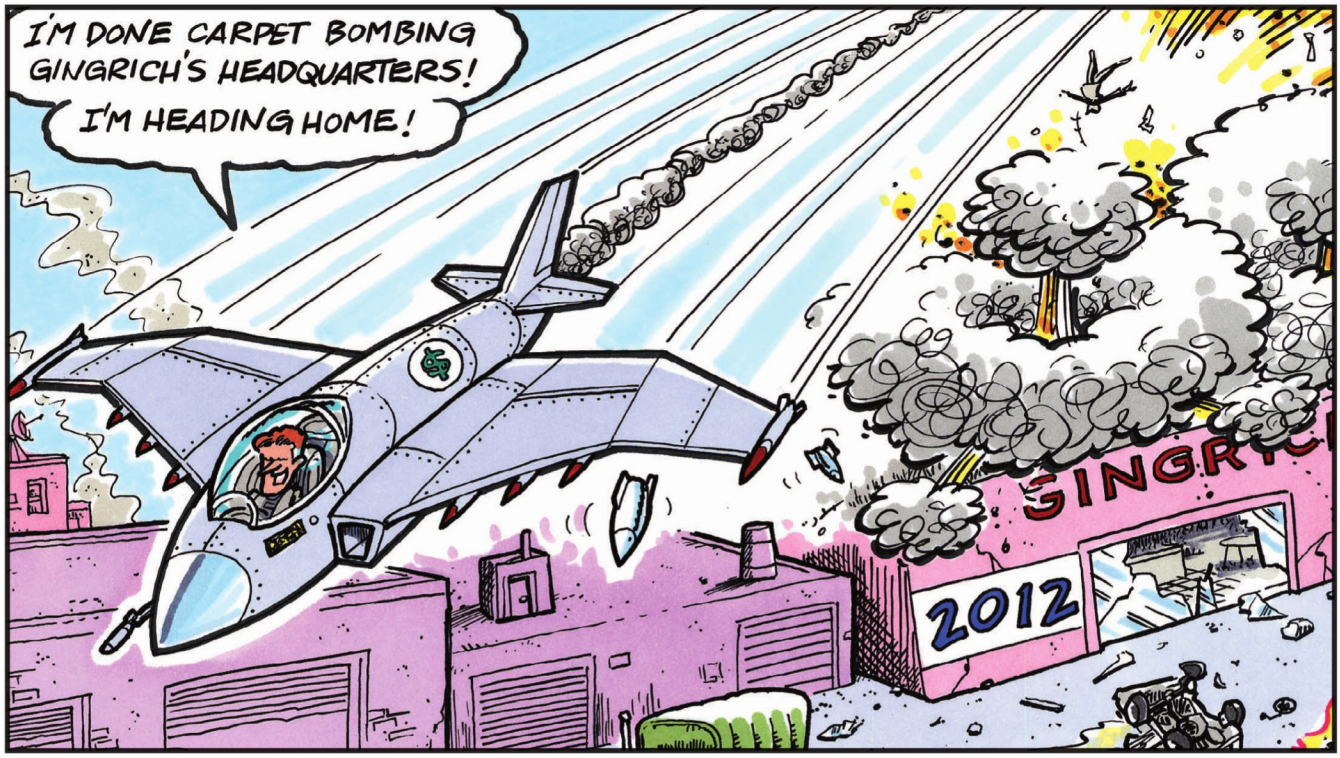
It's Amano's curious nature that got him into trouble from the very beginning. As a school-aged kid, he would sneak into the girls' restroom because of his "strong interest in sex." That explains why his parents once had to rush him to a hospital after he'd jammed a small toy up his ass. "I wanted to experience the orgasm with the anus," Amano recalls.

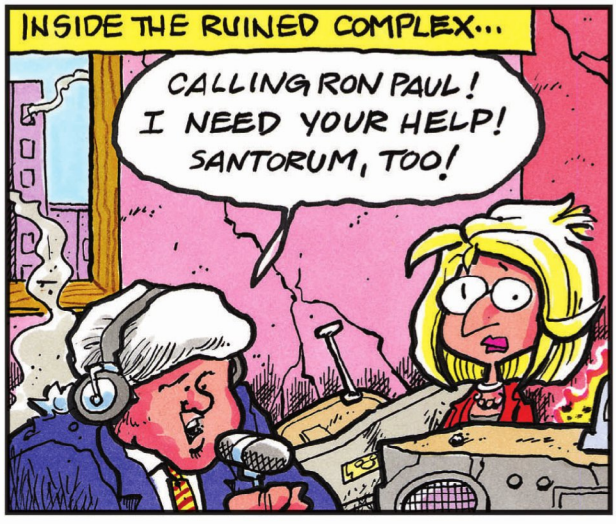
There is nothing the aberrant lens master won't consider doing. "I don't know what other persons feel [is] too extreme…but I myself think there is not a consciousness [of what's] too extreme." Amano's next project? "I'm working on a plot for a short film using motion pictures with ball-jointed dolls." We doubt the finished product will be as tame as it sounds.

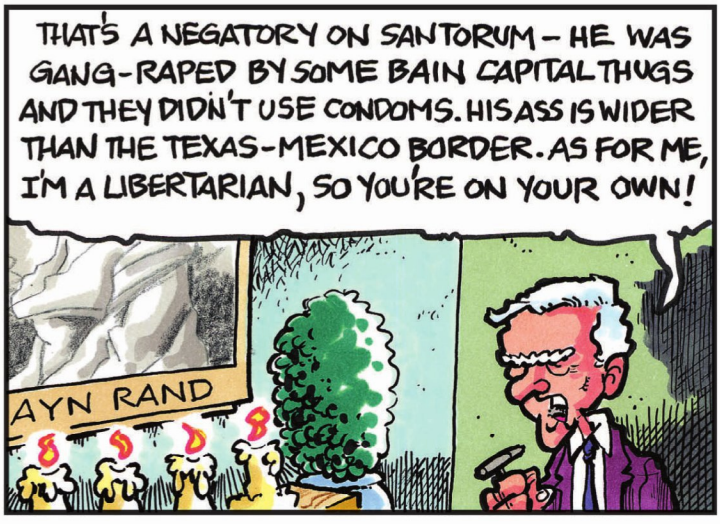
For much more of Amano's freakishly fascinating work, visit **DaikichiAmano.com** or **Genki-Genki.com**.

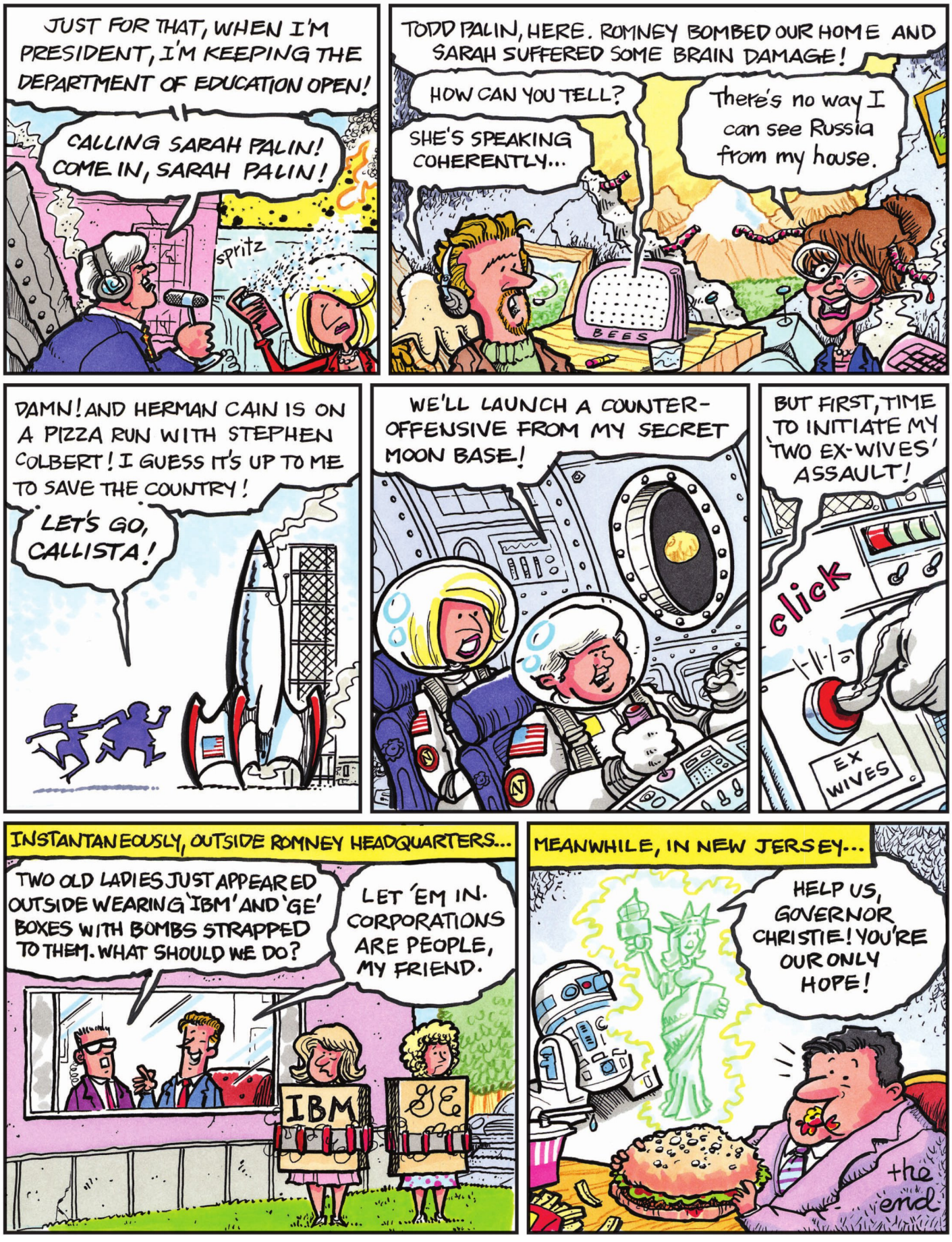
Our GOP at WAR

THE BATTLE FOR THE REPUBLICAN PRESIDENTIAL NOMINATION IS AT A FEVER PITCH, WITH CASUALTIES MOUNTING. WHO WILL COME OUT ON TOP? WILL IT BE THE STINKING-RICH FLIP-FLOPPER, THE EGOTISTICAL WIFE-DUMPER, THE CONDOM-HATING RELIGIOUS FANATIC OR THE CRAZY OLD COOT? WHO CARES? WE JUST LOVE WATCHING THEM BEAT THE SHIT OUT OF EACH OTHER!






THAT'S A NEGATORY ON SANTORUM – HE WAS GANG-RAPED BY SOME BAIN CAPITAL THUGS AND THEY DIDN'T USE CONDOMS. HIS ASS IS WIDER THAN THE TEXAS-MEXICO BORDER. AS FOR ME, I'M A LIBERTARIAN, SO YOU'RE ON YOUR OWN!
AYN RAND


JUST FOR THAT, WHEN I'M PRESIDENT, I'M KEEPING THE DEPARTMENT OF EDUCATION OPEN!
CALLING SARAH PALIN! COME IN, SARAH PALIN!
spritz
TODD PALIN, HERE. ROMNEY BOMBED OUR HOME AND SARAH SUFFERED SOME BRAIN DAMAGE!
HOW CAN YOU TELL?
SHE'S SPEAKING COHERENTLY...
There's no way I can see Russia from my house.
BEES
DAMN! AND HERMAN CAIN IS ON A PIZZA RUN WITH STEPHEN COLBERT! I GUESS IT'S UP TO ME TO SAVE THE COUNTRY!
LET'S GO, CALLISTA!
WE'LL LAUNCH A COUNTER-OFFENSIVE FROM MY SECRET MOON BASE!
BUT FIRST, TIME TO INITIATE MY 'TWO EX-WIVES' ASSAULT!
click
EX WIVES
INSTANTANEOUSLY, OUTSIDE ROMNEY HEADQUARTERS...
TWO OLD LADIES JUST APPEARED OUTSIDE WEARING 'IBM' AND 'GE' BOXES WITH BOMBS STRAPPED TO THEM. WHAT SHOULD WE DO?
LET 'EM IN. CORPORATIONS ARE PEOPLE, MY FRIEND.
IBM
GE
MEANWHILE, IN NEW JERSEY...
HELP US, GOVERNOR CHRISTIE! YOU'RE OUR ONLY HOPE!
the end

PHOTOGRAPHY BY STUDIOXPHOTOS.COM

JENNIFER ANN

If you want to impress **Jennifer Ann**, tickle her funny bone. "I'm incredibly attracted to guys with a sense of humor," the hottie discloses. "I can't stand people who take life seriously all the time. What's the point?"

Jennifer Ann is proud to be an Australian, particularly when it comes to her compatriots' knack for making people laugh. "There are a lot of great comedians from Down Under," the bubbly brunette observes.

"I think the funniest guy alive is Chris Lilley," **Jennifer Ann** declares. "He just did this series called *Angry Boys*, where he played all of these different characters—everything from a deaf farm kid to a middle-aged Asian woman. Trust me, it's fucking hysterical!"

Besides being heartily amused, **Jennifer** digs the outdoors. She really loves the challenge of surfing. "I fall all the time," she confesses. "I've been surfing since I was a kid, and I'm pretty graceful in other ways. But I can't quite master staying on the board. Even when I do nothing but wipe out, I still have an awesome time!"

Looking to the future, **Jennifer** hopes to travel far and wide. "I have this romantic idea about buying a world map and putting pins in it to mark every new place I've been to," she says. "There's so much I want to see."

JENNIFER'S VITAL FACTS:
HOMETOWN: Brisbane, Australia | AGE: 20 | BIRTH SIGN: Gemini | HEIGHT: 5-5 | WEIGHT: 114

TITANS
COLLEGE GIRL

Three mothers were seated together in a psychologist's office awaiting his diagnosis regarding their problem children. Surprisingly, the therapist was more concerned with the women. "It's obvious that your obsession with food made you name your child Candy," he told the first mother.

Addressing the second mom, he said, "Your love of booze is apparent in your daughter Brandy's name."

Before the psychologist could address the third mother, she grabbed her little boy by the hand and headed for the door. "Come on, Dick," she huffed. "We don't have to listen to this!"

Question: What does it mean when a politician has a clear conscience?

Answer: He has a terrible memory.

Still trembling from a harrowing confrontation, Pete dropped by his church's rectory to speak to the pastor. Pete, a homeowner who had already told the clergyman about his property dispute with the couple living next door, cut to the chase. "I took your advice to love my neighbor," Pete gasped, "but it almost got me killed!"

"Killed, you say?!" the pastor exclaimed. "What happened?!"

Pete bellowed, "You forgot to tell me to wait until my neighbor's husband left for work!"

Question: What do you have if there are two fuzzy green balls in the palm of your hand?

Answer: Kermit the Frog's undivided attention.

Obsessed with gadgets, Dave couldn't help himself when he saw an ad for a robot programmed to detect lies. He immediately rushed out to an electronics store and purchased the gizmo.

That night at dinner, Dave asked Dave Jr. what he'd done that day. The teenager looked kind of strangely at his dad and said, "I was at school."

Immediately, the lie-detecting robot slapped the kid in the face. Realizing he had no choice but to tell the truth, Dave Jr. admitted he'd been at a pal's house watching a movie.

"What movie?" Dave wanted to know.

"*Transformers*," the boy replied. Again the robot slapped him. "Okay," he fessed up, "we were watching porn."

Seemingly appalled, Dave remarked, "When I was your age, son, I didn't know what porn was." The robot slapped him.

Looking on, Dave's wife laughed heartily and quipped, "He certainly is your son." *Slap!*

Is the Religious Right responsible for creating and distributing America's newest street drug? It's called T-Blow. Snorting the powdery substance causes a user to involuntarily take a knee in prayerful reflection and cry, "Hallelujah!"

"I was great in sports when I was young," a middle-aged man bragged to his wife. "I had the body of an athlete."

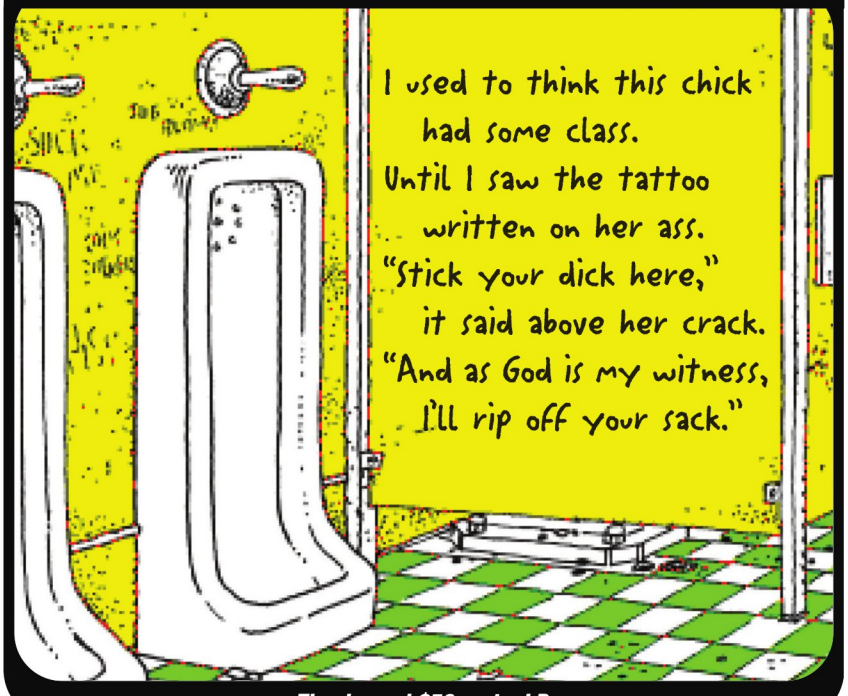
"Well," the missus replied, "at least you still have the feet!"

A redhead, a brunette and a blonde were waiting to be taken to a hospital's delivery room. The pregos got to chatting, and the redhead said, "I know I'm going to have a baby girl because I was on top of my husband when I conceived."

"And I know I'm going to have a boy," the brunette chimed in, "because my husband was on top when I got pregnant."

"Oh, no!" the blonde sobbed. "I only screw doggy-style. Does that mean I'm going to have a puppy?!"

GRAFFILTHY


I used to think this chick
had some class.
Until I saw the tattoo
written on her ass.
"Stick your dick here,"
it said above her crack.
"And as God is my witness,
I'll rip off your sack."

Thanks and $50 go to J.D.

HUSTLER Humor jokes are provided by our readers. If you've heard a gut-buster lately, or have a "poem" befitting a bathroom wall, why not send it our way? Submit your witty stuff to HUSTLER Joke Page, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211; or by e-mail to *HUSTLER@LFP.com*. If your item appears here, we'll send you a check for $50. Sorry—we cannot return submissions.

"I'm leaving you, Vernon. I met some…thing else!"

BY LERA GAVIN

notes from a MIAMI DOMINATRIX

TIRED OF STARVING AND DEALING WITH SLEAZEBAGS, AN ENTERPRISING COLLEGE GRAD FINDS THE PERFECT JOB: PUTTING THE SQUEEZE ON WILLING CLIENTS.

PHOTO OF THE AUTHOR COURTESY SMOKE

The tight leather corset was crushing my ribs. Checking myself in the mirror, I straightened my back and let out a sigh.

"Hurry up!" my new boss yelled from the room next door. "We have a client in less than 30 minutes, and this guy is always on time."

The mistress who had recently hired me as a dominatrix was a 5-foot-tall Cuban with long, manicured nails and a tattoo of a dragon crawling down her back. She wore a full-body fishnet stocking with a latex cincher.

Standing 5-11, with an athletic build, I towered over her petite frame even when she was wearing the highest of heels. "This corset is way too tight!" I screamed back, gasping for air. "I can't breathe!" I wasn't used to wearing clothing this restrictive, but beauty is pain. I had to look great for my first session.

Here I was, barely 20 years old, a penniless college grad trying out for my first real job—unless you count lifeguarding at a public pool back home in suburban Staten Island, New York. What in the hell was I doing? A month ago, I had been sitting in a classroom surrounded by gel-haired meatheads named Vinnie and Frankie, living in what seemed like an endless rerun of MTV's *Jersey Shore*. The boredom was overwhelming.

Sure, I'd had kinky fantasies about becoming a femme fatale, the sort of woman who could control a man with a flick of her wrist. Late at night in my pink bedroom at my parents' house, I would imagine being Wanda, the lead female character in Leopold von Sacher-Masoch's 19th-century novel *Venus in Furs*. It told the story of a cruel mistress who initially recoils at dominating her submissive lover but grows to love it.

Now fantasy had become reality. I wondered what my mom would say if she knew men were willing to pay up to $250 an hour to worship me.

> "I APPLIED FOR EVERY STRAIGHT GIG IMAGINABLE: OFFICE RECEPTIONIST, SUPERMARKET CASHIER, RUSSIAN INTERPRETER, LIVE-IN NANNY..."

The mistress rushed into the bathroom—where I was applying makeup—to hand me a pair of fishnet stockings. I had no money to invest in costumes, so I had to borrow hers. "Here, wear these," she said. "And fix your makeup. You look like a hippie chick. Make it darker. You're a dominatrix, for Christ's sake!"

I sat on a bondage table next to the mistress. We were ready for the session. I looked up at the surveillance monitor and saw the client's car pull into the driveway of the tidy ranch house that doubled as a dungeon. It was 11 a.m. on the dot.

The mistress explained that the client was a sad man still mourning his recently deceased wife. I knew it was a difficult time for him and that seeing a dominatrix was a way for him to cope with pain and loss. Of course, I put all of that out of my head. Sensitivity isn't part of the job.

Quickly undressing in the bathroom, he then came out and kneeled before us, asking how he could serve these "two beautiful women." The Cuban mistress looked at me and smiled. It was my session, and it was up to me to decide what to do with this worthless slug. She was there just to observe.

I glanced around the room at the instruments of torture hanging from the red-painted walls. The assortment was bewildering. I wanted to use them all—floggers, canes, riding crops, paddles, electric wands, nipple clamps, ropes, clothespins and all manner of leather restraints. A cage stood in the corner next to a dusty cabinet that con-

tained rubber gloves, lubricants, metal rods and needles for so-called medical play.

A framed picture of a woman's intimate parts hung next to a variety of ball gags. The mistress had told me the client enjoyed having his nipples tortured, so I grabbed a pair of clamps with metallic crocodile teeth.

Pulling him closer, I whispered in his ear, "I think I found something you will enjoy, you little subbie."

He quivered at the sight of the clamps. I squeezed each of his round nipples between my thumbs and index fingers. He winced as clear liquid leaked out. "Oh, you're pathetic!" I screamed at him. Then, turning to the mistress, I yelled, "Look what we've got here! His nipples are lactating, and I'm just getting started."

• • •

I am a pervert to some and a goddess to others. I am a professional dominatrix, and I entered this unusual line of work after arriving in Miami in August 2009 fresh off a Greyhound from New York. My only possessions were a bag full of sex toys and a well-thumbed paperback copy of the Marquis de Sade's *The 120 Days of Sodom*. Stepping off the bus after a grueling 36-hour journey, I was blasted by a punishing, furnacelike heat. Jesus, it was sticky! This was my first time in Miami. Actually, this was my first time anywhere outside New York since my family emigrated from Uzbekistan in 2002.

If I was going to stay, I needed a job fast. I applied for every straight gig imaginable: office receptionist, supermarket cashier, Russian interpreter, live-in nanny, lifeguard. Soon it became clear there wasn't much demand for a woman with an associate's degree in journalism and no real work experience.

Miami, I discovered, was a city in economic freefall. The signs were everywhere: stalled construction sites; homeless people camped out in cardboard boxes next to half-vacant apartment buildings; mostly empty high-end fashion stores; down-on-their-luck party girls prowling the clubs, batting fake eyelashes in search of the dwindling population of South Beach playboys. The only places doing brisk business were tattoo parlors and pizza joints.

Desperate for money to pay my bills, I resorted to the adult gigs section of Craigslist, *the* place to go for those in dire need of quick cash. I ignored the obvious cons—such as the posts seeking women for X-rated webcam sessions that demanded a Social Security number.

Then there were the creeps: One man was offering $1,000 a day for "young, attractive females to wrestle." I replied, citing my five years as a trained martial artist. He wrote back and said I was too qualified and too old. But if I knew any girls under age 18 who were willing to wrestle him and his friends in the nude at his private residence, I should send them over. He would give me a finder's fee. I replied that it sounded more like a gang-bang than a wrestling match, and he was lucky I didn't call the police.

Another post was titled "Submissive Assistant to Make Executive Salary." A man claiming to be a CEO of a midsize company wanted to hire a secretary. Duties included not only typing and filing but also being spanked when no one else was in the office. The starting pay was $85,000. We set up a meeting, but I pulled out at the last minute when the guy asked whether I would also mind anal intercourse.

One man I met through Craigslist was a stubby Asian in his 40s who said he was a photographer for a tasteful erotic magazine similar to *Playboy* that was headquartered in North Korea. I

PHOTO BY DENYS DEFRANCESCO

HEY, HONEY- HAVE YOU SEEN MY MORAL INTEGRITY ANYWHERE? I SWEAR I SET IT DOWN THE DAY WE MOVED IN AND I CAN'T FIND IT ANYWHERE...
MR.FISH

Jamie had this strange way of asking his date for oral sex.

remember thinking, *North Korea has skin mags?* But I was seduced by the $12,000 offered for a day's work.

I realized I was being scammed when he took me not to a professional photo studio but to a shabby motel with stained carpets. He asked me to strip for test shots and then tried to finger me. I pushed him away and told him to drive me back to the Metrorail right away. When I threatened to call the cops, the phony photographer obliged.

Finally, I found a posting that seemed semilegitimate: "Extras Wanted Now 4 Club Scene Shoot. WHITE/LATINA FEMALES ONLY! No sex. No nude. Just watching and being comfortable around sexual activitys [sic]."

The company was recruiting models for a *Girls Gone Wild*-style video—or so it claimed. For $500, I was told, all I had to do was flash my boobs. Only when I arrived at the studio, which was located in a nondescript two-story office building near Miami International Airport, did I realize I would need to do more to earn the money. It was actually a porn shoot. And there was a price list. Bare your chest for $100. A handjob earned $50 more. There was $250 to get down on your knees and blow.

When the shoot began, a male stripper dressed like Indiana Jones—complete with pith helmet and whip but sans trousers—jumped on top of me. When he began shaking his rear in my face, I, well—let's just say I assaulted his nether region. He yelped like a scolded puppy, which disrupted the whole shoot. That put an end to my porn career. I was blackballed by the industry.

I was running out of options and growing tired of Miami. Far from being the glamorous city of legend, it seemed more like a mecca for scammers, liars and sleazebags.

Then I decided to take control of my destiny. I had a friend who worked as a dominatrix in New York. She had described a lifestyle rife with adventure and money. So I did a Google search for dommes in South Florida and found Lady Regina, owner of a well-established dungeon called Command Performance in Pompano Beach. She put me in touch with a woman who was looking to hire new girls for her dungeon in Miami.

The fetish scene attracted me for several reasons. First, I had no problem inflicting pain on another human as long as it was consensual. It sounded like fun, certainly more fun than bagging groceries at Publix. Another was the money. Although Miami's subculture is relatively small, I had heard you could earn as much as $250 an hour, with half going to the dungeon owner.

But my main reason was personal. I've always been kinky. As a kindergartner, I forced classmates to strip down to their underwear, locked them in the bathroom and made them kiss each other. I was a strange child.

Boys in my neighborhood in Tashkent, the capital of Uzbekistan, would run across the street to avoid me. My father, a strict Russian, believed in corporal punishment to control wayward children. But when I was six years old, my mother put a stop to that. She had noticed me squirming on his lap as he spanked me with a hairbrush. I was enjoying it. After that, my parents' penalties changed to locking me in the bedroom and making me read books.

END OF PART 1

This article, which will continue in our next issue, originally appeared in the *Miami New Times*.

(continued from page 38)

What inspired you to do podcasts?

From being bored in between movies, looking for things to do and just hanging out with my friends bullshitting. My favorite part of making the movies had become doing the director's commentary tracks. That eventually led to the SModcast podcasting thing. Shit like that had been slowly bubbling and got really quick and hot over the past couple of years when I started smoking weed. Pot will help you chase whimsies.

Back in the day, before weed, you have a good idea like, *Man, it would be fun to record the conversation when I'm sitting around with my friends talking.* I've read all the stuff on the Internet about how people love the commentary tracks. Maybe they would just listen to us talking about fucking nothing like on the *Howard Stern Show*.

Then that voice of doubt creeps in: "If you're going to throw that out there, people are going to shit all over you. Who do you think you are? Your friends aren't all that interesting." But when you're a weed person, you take a hit and say, "Let's just give it a shot."

Are podcasts the new independent film in a way?

To me, absolutely. I would choose podcasting over filmmaking any day of the week. It's a much more pure form of storytelling. Anybody can do it. Film is a lot like playing ice hockey. You need a lot of equipment. It's a great sport. But, man, you gotta have some fucking money to do it. Film is a great art form. But, man, you gotta have some fucking money to do it. Podcasting is like baseball, football or basketball. You can pick up a game anywhere. All you need is a ball. Anybody can play.

What kind of research did you do before getting started on *Zack and Miri Make a Porno*?

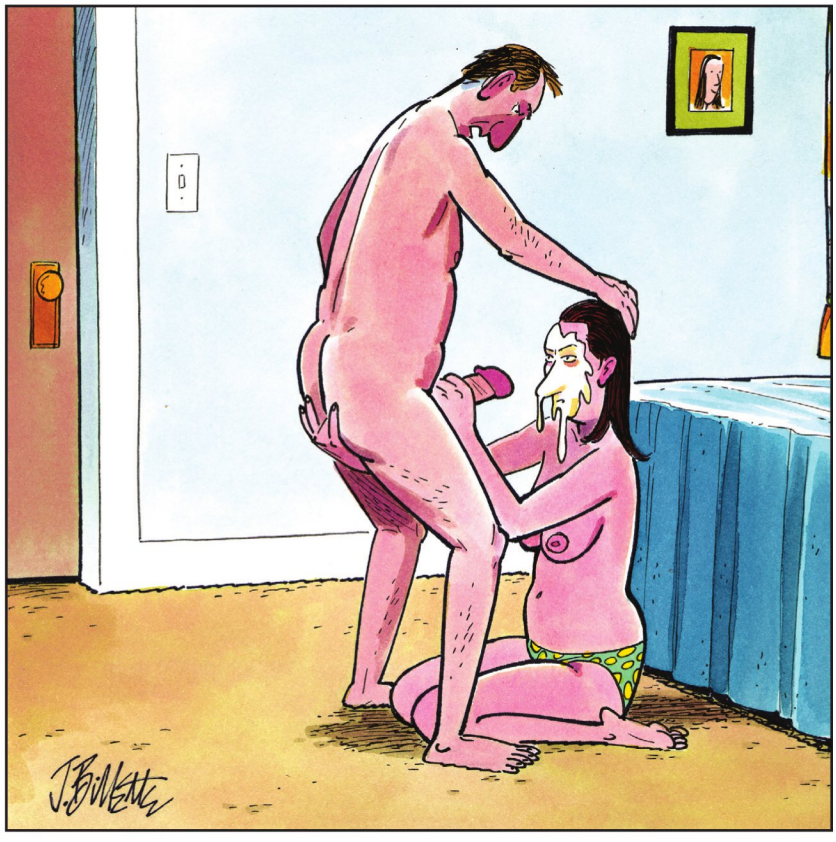
Aside from just years of looking at, reading and masturbating to porn? Nothing. Someone asked if we needed a technical consultant from the adult-film industry on it, but we didn't because that movie was barely about porno. To me, that movie was clearly the story of how we made *Clerks*. But instead, [producer] Scott Mosier was a girl, and we fucked. (*Laughs.*)

How would you feel if a young director remade any of your films?

I don't know if that would bother me. *Clerks* would be pretty easy to remake. It's just two guys in a convenience store. I think the video store aspect of it wouldn't work now. Show me a video store these days. *Mallrats* is also antiquated at this point. Kids would be like, "What's a mall?!" Most people do their shopping and their hanging out online.

I'd be interested to see it, but I can't imagine [a young director] would remake any of those fucking pictures. When people go to the movies now, they want to see comic book movies or alien movies. Spectacles! My movies are just people sitting around talking.

"We just heard the word of God today, and it sounds like He's been watching the Republican Presidential primaries."



"Hey, don't blame me! I didn't ask you to ram a finger up my ass!"

PHOTOS BY LADI VON JANSKY

HUGH CORNWELL
OLD PUNKS NEVER DIE

As lead singer of the legendary British punk band the Stranglers, Hugh Cornwell crafted memorable melodies and intelligent lyrics that helped define a musical movement. He now has his own group, which recently made a stop in L.A. After the gig, we caught up with the groundbreaking musician, who discussed his 16-year run with the Stranglers, touring America again and being a close friend of retired porn goddess Sasha Grey.

HUSTLER: Why did you decide to do another American tour and play the Stranglers' debut album, *Rattus Norvegicus*, in its entirety?

HUGH CORNWELL: We do two sets. The first set is a mix of some other Stranglers hits and stuff from my solo albums, including *Hooverdam*. We decided to play *Rattus Norvegicus* in full because [during our last U.K. tour] we played the whole of *Hooverdam* and most of *Rattus Norvegicus*. The record company said, "Hold on a second. You play most of *Rattus Norvegicus*—all but three songs. Why don't you rehearse the other three songs, and then you can play your first album as well as your most recent album?" Then the show would have bookends. I said, "That's a very good idea." So that's what we did. It went over so well, we decided to bring it to America.

Did you discover anything when you revisited the entire album?

The couple of songs that we weren't playing originally were the ones that I didn't have much to do with. I didn't sing them or write the lyrics. They were written by the bass player [J.J. Burnel], and he used to sing them. So I didn't go there. But when I had to learn them, it was interesting to pretend to almost be someone else when I was singing. It was like acting. Pretending to be him was the only way I could do it properly, which was a bit uncomfortable for me. But it was the only way to do it.

***Rattus Norvegicus* was released way back in 1977. Has the material held up?**

It still sounds fucking great! It sounds fantastic!

How have audiences reacted?

They love it, but I've been playing without

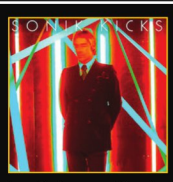
THE DIRTY

12 NEW DISCS YOU NEED

VAN HALEN
A Different Kind of Truth
Everyone (including Eddie Van Halen) said it would never happen. But, 28 years after he parted ways with the band, David Lee Roth returns as lead singer of Van Halen. New tracks (culled from late-'70s demos) like "Tattoo," "She's the Woman" and "Blood and Fire" find the hard rockers at the top of their game.

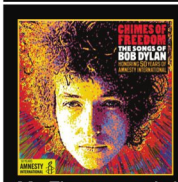
THE CULT
Choice of Weapon
Nothing will ever beat the feeling you get from hearing "Love Removal Machine," "Fire Woman" or "She Sells Sanctuary." Those songs rock so hard, your fillings shake. No way the Cult could top that. Wrong! The Brits' first CD in five years builds on their legacy, delivering new anthems to rock your world.

TIM McGRAW
Emotional Traffic
Call it truth in advertising. The undisputed king of mainstream country calls his latest "my best album ever." He ain't lying. Songs like "Right Back Atcha Babe" and "I Will Not Fall Down" are so good, they'll almost make you forget how much you hate McGraw for getting to sleep with heavenly songbird Faith Hill.



PAUL WELLER
Sonik Kicks
Paul Weller has devoted his entire career to making a huge impact on the world of music and then moving forward. The master of reinvention (and innovation) leaves his Jam and Style Council sounds in the dust for an experimental disc of driving, sonic soundscapes. Variety is the order of the day here.

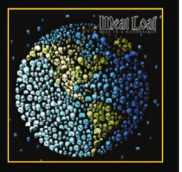
SOUNDTRACK
Elvis Found Alive
Elvis lives! Well, sort of. This soundtrack to a low-budget film about finding the King alive features Elvis (or a really good impersonator) covering songs by the Police, Michael Jackson, Richard Marx and Garth Brooks (not to mention Elvis classics) in Memphis Mafia style.



VARIOUS ARTISTS
Chimes of Freedom: Songs of Bob Dylan
This hefty four-CD set features everyone from Elvis Costello to Adele to Mumford & Sons taking on the former Mr. Zimmerman's impressive catalog. A lot of it is ho-hum strumming, while the most truly inspired versions come from unlikely places such as Michael Franti's take on "Subterranean Homesick Blues."

DOZEN

MEAT LOAF
Hell in a Handbasket

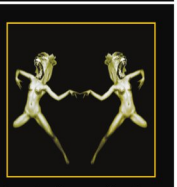


The king of theatrical rock 'n' roll returns with a bombastic, larger-than-life collection. We wouldn't expect anything less from Mr. Loaf. *Hell* is an odd mix of originals and covers performed by the man himself and an eclectic list of guests, including Chuck D (Public Enemy) and country superstar Trace Adkins.

SLASH
Apocalyptic Love

Recently crowned Rock and Roll Hall of Famer Slash may never be able to outrun the giant shadow cast by his breakthrough band Guns N' Roses, but that hasn't stopped the esteemed ax slinger from trying. Slash's latest album sees his new band (which boasts Alter Bridge vocalist Myles Kennedy) making rock history all over again.

BETH JEANS HOUGHTON & THE HOOVES OF DESTINY
Yours Truly, Cellophane Nose



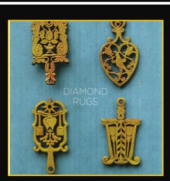
They say you can't judge a book (or CD) by its cover. Unless of course said cover features two naked women donning animal heads! Oh, and the music? Orchestral pop in the vein of Florence and the Machine. Do you care? You know you're going to buy *Yours Truly* just for the cover art.

THE DOORS
L.A. Woman: Deluxe 40th Anniversary Edition

Had Jim Morrison lived…yeah, he'd probably be a bloated judge on *American Idol*. Thankfully, the Lizard King's prime music lives on. This expanded two-CD set, released to mark the 40th anniversary of the Doors' *L.A. Woman* album, gives us a nice peek into their creative process.

PAUL SIMON
Songwriter

No denying Paul Simon's importance as a songwriter. This two-CD set reminds us in striking detail. Disc 1 spans his breakthrough moments with Art Garfunkel as a 1960s superstar. Disc 2 is the real treasure because it covers Simon's later solo-career material that most of us missed.



DIAMOND RUGS
Diamond Rugs

Take a couple of guys from Deer Tick, add a Los Lobos member and a dude from the Black Lips, and you get this roots rock supergroup. Toss in songs like "Gimme a Beer," "Call Girl Blues" and "Hungover and Horny," and you have the next great American band. Or the soundtrack to an average day here at HUSTLER.

keyboards. We're just guitar, bass and drums. So I have to make sure that I've got the important keyboard parts in our versions. So either I put them on the guitar, or the bass player plays a little bit. Or sometimes we sing the part. Or if it's a solo, sometimes I write a new solo. There's a song called "Ugly" that features a very free-form keyboard solo. I just decided to write a new solo for it. The fans don't seem to be worried, so it's interesting.

Whenever I do the old stuff, I'm always making new arrangements without keyboards. The fans come up after and say, "You know what? I thought I was gonna miss the keyboards, but the new version is full of raw power."

I like guitars. If you're making a record and you put keyboards on it, it's like pouring glue all over it. Because it takes up all the space. It fills them all in. I like the space. The space in rock 'n' roll gives it danger. It leaves slight jagged edges and sharp ends.

What do you remember about the birth of punk?

It was just an explosion. We found that we were playing these concerts in London and the big cities, and there were these kids coming dressed stranger than we'd ever seen. We suddenly realized there was this *thing* going on. The mood in the U.K. back then was bad. People were only working three days a week. There was rubbish on the streets. The systems had broken down. At first, people didn't like our songs. They would throw things at us and tell us to go away. So they had aggression toward us, and we had to be aggressive back to survive. Then these young kids saw our reaction and said, "We like you. You're punk!"

Why did you leave the Stranglers?

I don't have a family. I'm a single man. The other members had got families together, and it had got to feel [like] the band had become a job. I was only seeing them when we were rehearsing or recording or on the road. It was becoming a 9-to-5 job. I was finding less and less in common with them as people. I think you should play with people whose company you enjoy. It cannot be a job really.

Does it bother you that the Stranglers continued on with a new singer, Paul Roberts?

No. I just wished him luck. Because it was a hard job really. Then he stayed 16 years and left. If he had stayed another six months, he would have been a longer lead singer for the Stranglers than I had been. But he left too soon. Now they've got the kid [Baz Warne] playing guitar and singing with stars in his eyes. It was his favorite band, and now he's living the dream.

Is it safe to assume you'll never be part of a Stranglers reunion?

Why would I want to do that? I'm having too much fun.

You're still a pretty prolific songwriter. Do you write all the time?

I write songs to order, when I need them, but I'm always taking little ideas and storing them. After you finish an album, it's like a catharsis. It's a relief. Then maybe six to nine months later, if you're curious about the world, you start getting little ideas. But I deliberately don't write the song. I keep the ideas in a little folder in my head or make notes until I know I have to do a new album. Then I take them out and develop them.

I always write down the titles. They come first most of the time. The title suggests the subject and take on life. My next album will be *Totem & Taboo*. It comes from a Sigmund Freud book about the parallels between the neurological problems of schizophrenia and being a native in the South Pacific. I have titles that will hopefully stimulate discussion. There is one called "God Is a Woman" and another called "Love Me Slender."

Is it true that you know porn star Sasha Grey?

Yeah, she's one of my biggest fans. Sasha came to see me during our last tour. I don't think she had ever heard of me before. She's a friend of a friend. Sasha promised that the next time I'm in L.A. and she's in town, she's going to join us onstage to sing Blondie's "Rip Her to Shreds." She sings, you know, and she's a great porn actress and a great straight actress. ■

Left to right: Zoltan Bathory, Jeremy Spencer, Ivan Moody, Jason Hook and Chris Kael.

PHOTO BY FRED MORELEDGE

FIVE FINGER DEATH PUNCH

BRED FROM PASSION

We sat down with Five Finger Death Punch guitarist Jason Hook to talk about playing for the troops in Iraq, the definition of the heavy metal band's name and its blistering new CD, *American Capitalist*.

HUSTLER: What is a "five finger death punch"?

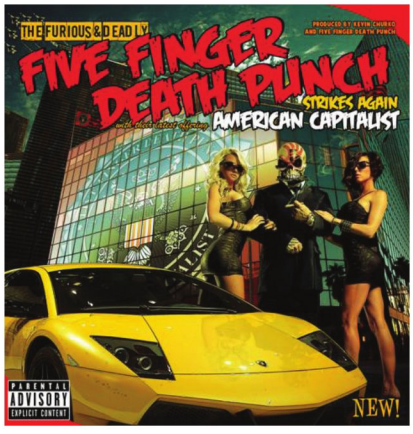
JASON HOOK: You would have to be standing in front of me to show you. (*Laughs.*) It's the band name, and it's what the five of us deliver onstage. Boy, that was a corny answer.

When was the last time you had to punch someone?

I'm not a violent person, but we do *sonically* assault people when we play live. I don't fight. Only the weakest men fight with their fists.

What is the concept behind *American Capitalist*?

It describes our personality. It's not about greed or money so much but rather the type of people that end up with success. All success comes from making choices. Some people choose to work hard, and some are lazy. Some people take risks; some play it safe. We are saying choose to think like a driver and not a passenger.



What do you think about the Occupy Wall Street protests?

I get it. People that are suffering are crying for change. I personally think it's your own decisions that land you where you are. I was never fed from a golden spoon. I never asked for rescue. I asked questions to learn and grow so I could help myself land where I wanted to be.

Can we bring down Corporate America? If so, what replaces it? Why would we want to do that? Corporate America, Big Business, is exciting. Wealth was bred from passion. Corporate America is necessary for our survival. Five-FDP is a corporation. We're passionate about it, and we make people feel good.

What was your writing/recording process like for *American Capitalist*?

Ivan [Moody] and I moved to Las Vegas, so that was a huge help as far as being together in the same city. Zo [Zoltan Bathory], Jeremy [Spencer] and I all have home studios. We work up ideas quickly to show to the other guys—real rough sketches. If an idea sticks, that's usually the one we'll start working on that day. We repeat this process until we have 12 songs.

Why do you think metal is back stronger than ever?

I think people believe in this genre because it's real. The commercial cards are stacked against aggressive—and sometimes abrasive—music. Metal isn't designed to fit the commercial formula. That's why it's believable. Kids know that the bands must love it and believe in it because if all they wanted was money, they could go with a more accessible sound.

How's the current tour going?

So far, so good. We played a show the other day in El Paso, Texas, that was so cold, I couldn't feel my fingers. I'm not kidding. I had my tech leave the back plate off my amps so I could stick my hands in there to warm them up between songs.

What is the one thing you always need to take on the road?

I have to have a laptop. It's the lifeline to home: banking, e-mails, girlfriend via webcam. Need the webcam.

What was it like playing for our troops in Iraq?

It was an amazing trip. Iraq isn't on the regular touring route for heavy metal. This was a rare opportunity, and it was a thrill. We were treated like gold and had special escorts everywhere we went.

Were you scared while in Iraq?

No. It was controlled by the U.S. We heard stories of some light attacks, but I figured, *What the hell? If we see some action, it will just make a better story to tell.*

Does Five Finger Death Punch have an army of groupies?

I hate the term *groupie*. It seems so degrading. But either way the answer is yes! (*Laughs.*) Success is sexy. Sexy leads to sex. As far as specifics go? I'll leave it up to your imagination. ■

DVD DISTRACTIONS

BY TAYLOR DAVID

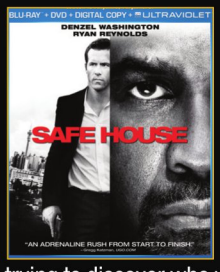
After you've finished jerking off to one of your porn videos, you can smoke a cigarette and watch these flicks.

EAGLEHEART: SEASON ONE

Adult Swim lays down the law with a live-action series that satirizes TV cop dramas like *Walker, Texas Ranger*. Starring Chris Elliott, *Eagleheart* follows hot-tempered U.S. Marshal Chris Monsanto as he blindly kicks, punches and shoots his way to what may—or may not—be a legitimate resolution of a criminal case. With the help of his sidekicks—dim-witted Brett (Brett Gelman) and no-nonsense Susie (Maria Thayer)—Monsanto gives new meaning to the word *justice* as he takes on drug smugglers, con artists and other lawbreakers. Punctuated by merciless violence, mayhem and laughs, *Eagleheart* is the first scripted show from Conan O'Brien's production company (Conaco) to be renewed for a second season.

HAYWIRE

Oscar-winning director Steven Soderbergh delivers the goods with this action-packed spy thriller revolving around Mallory Kane (mixed martial arts superstar Gina Carano), a covert operative whose assignments take her to the most dangerous corners of the world. After a thwarted mission in Dublin, Ireland, Mallory finds she's been double-crossed by someone in her agency. Suddenly the target of assassins who track her every move, the cunning beauty must find the truth in order to stay alive. *Haywire*—whose strong supporting cast includes Channing Tatum, Ewan McGregor and Michael Douglas—is a high-adrenaline film that immerses you in action and suspense.


BLU-RAY + DVD + DIGITAL COPY + ULTRAVIOLET
DENZEL WASHINGTON
RYAN REYNOLDS
SAFE HOUSE
"AN ADRENALINE RUSH FROM START TO FINISH"

SAFE HOUSE

This explosive thriller follows CIA rookie Matt Weston (Ryan Reynolds) as he mans a safe house in South Africa where rogue agent Tobin Frost (Denzel Washington) is being detained. Apparently tipped off by an insider, mercenaries overrun the safe house. Unlikely allies Weston and Frost are now forced to fight for their lives while trying to discover who wants Frost dead. Viewers are sure to enjoy the pulse-pounding action and inventive storyline that make *Safe House* a blockbuster cat-and-mouse spy film.

WIN THIS

CONTRABAND

This action-thriller stars Mark Wahlberg as Chris Farraday, a one-time smuggler trying to distance himself from the cutthroat life he'd left behind. But when Farraday's family is held accountable for his brother-in-law's debt to a ruthless drug lord, our law-abiding hero is forced to summon his old expertise for moving vast amounts of contraband into the United States. Bullets fly as Chris makes one last run, taking on desperate criminals and crooked officials in an all-or-nothing attempt to save his wife and kids. Costarring Giovanni Ribisi and Kate Beckinsale, this film delivers an intense, gritty depiction of the lucrative but dangerous world of international smuggling.

WIN A *CONTRABAND* BLU-RAY AND DVD COMBO PACK!

For your chance to win the Blu-ray/DVD combo pack, just fill out the form below (or a photocopy, or put your name, home address, e-mail address, signature and survey choices on a postcard) and send it to ***Contraband* Giveaway, c/o HUSTLER, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211**; or e-mail info to **HUSTLER@LFP.com**.

Name (print) _____

Signature _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ ZIP Code _____

E-mail Address _____

Subscriber (check one) ☐YES ☐NO

Who do you think is the hottest girl this month?

_____

Other than the models, what's your favorite section? (check one)

Cartoons ☐ Articles ☐ Video ☐ Reviews ☐

Bits & Pieces ☐ Music Section ☐ Celebrity Section ☐

Other _____

RULES: No purchase necessary. Limit one entry per household. Must be 18 or older to enter. This form, a copy thereof or postcard containing required information and signature must be mailed and received at HUSTLER by September 10, 2012. A purchase would not affect your chances of winning. Winner will be chosen by random drawing. This contest is void where prohibited by law. Entry means automatic consent to use of contestant's name, likeness and image, and that the name of the winner will be disclosed or made available. All entries become the property of LFP Publishing Group, LLC and HUSTLER Magazine and will not be returned to contestants. Odds of winning will be determined based on the actual number of eligible entries received prior to deadline. The sponsor will contact the winner and ship the winner his/her prize at no cost to the winner. Sponsor will not be responsible or liable for failure to contact the winner. The drawing is open to anyone over 18 years of age, other than employees of LFP Publishing Group, LLC, its affiliates and advertising agencies, as well as their immediate family members and persons living in their household. Offer limited to residents of the continental United States.

"One way or the other, Betty, we're doing anal tonight!"

PHOTOGRAPHY BY LARRY FLYNT PRODUCTIONS

RENAE CRUZ & JERRY

Sally Strong (**Renae Cruz**) had never used an escort service before. But here she was again—horny and alone on a lazy Sunday afternoon. Deciding it was time for a change, Sally dialed the top agency, but its studs were too expensive. It was the same story wherever she phoned. Maybe Sally simply couldn't afford the company of a gentleman caller.

Refusing to give up, Sally eventually discovered a place that catered to clients of limited means: Elite Discount Escorts. The agency was even having a sale. "It's half-price on all our men today," the manager informed her over the phone.

The only problem was the selection. "You've gotta make a tough choice," the manager acknowledged. "I've got an Albanian dwarf, a hunk with five testicles, an adolescent Sasquatch and two Rick Santorum look-alikes."

Sally politely declined. She was resigned to spending another day alone when the mailman (**Jerry**) rang the doorbell. "Come in," Sally whispered to the pleasantly surprised dude as she began wiggling out of her swimsuit. Needless to say, no one else on Route 26 received their mail that day.

If you crave more Renae Cruz, check out HUSTLER's *Real College Girls #18* and *Barely Legal Young & Thirsty* from HUSTLER Video. Call (toll-free) 800-763-8271 ext. 7651, visit **HustlerStore.com** or go to page 124 to order by mail.

The Art of
ARMANDO
HUERTA
armandohuertastore.com

BLUE-MOVIE SHOWCASE

EDITED BY MARK JOHNSON

El porno: Stevie Shae, Bridgette B and Nikki Delano (bottom) speak the universal language.

El Gordo y la Flaca XXX

LFP VIDEO/DULCE MEDIA. DIRECTOR: SHY LOVE. STARRING: LISA DeMARCO, BRIDGETTE B, YURIZAN BELTRAN, STEVIE SHAE, NIKKI DELANO, MARCO RIVERA, KARLO KARRERA, RICKY ANTHONY & MARCO BANDERAS.

Si, el parody craze has gone bilingual! Future generations will look back on this disc as a smut landmark: HUSTLER's first foreign-language porn flick. In case you're not multilingual, it translates as *The Fat Man and the Skinny Lady*, a popular Spanish-language entertainmment-news show out of Miami. Adult-film entrepreneur Shy Love directs this spoof, which is as ridiculous as the real thing and just as full of big-boobed bleach blondes. How do you make fun of something that already looks like a porn parody? Just get the tits out early and often. Let's face it, dicks don't get hard from laughing. (Since the producers didn't spring for English subtitles, we have no idea whether or not the movie is funny anyway.) But who cares what they're saying when you've got Yurizan Beltran's tetas in a hot tub, Bridgette B's even bigger tetas wrapped around a cock, cute reporter Stevie Shae improving her Spanish with some deep instruction, sexpot Nikki Delano shagging as Shakira and Lisa DeMarco finally showing millions of fans how La Flaca fucks! *¡Que bueno!* **—M.J.**

Brooklyn Lee sets the stage for 3-Way girls Asphyxia Noir and Skin Diamond (bottom).

The 3-Way

VIVID ENTERTAINMENT. DIRECTOR: DAVID STANLEY. STARRING: SKIN DIAMOND, ASPHYXIA NOIR, JADA FIRE, MASON MOORE, BROOKLYN LEE, XANDER CORVUS, TOMMY PISTOL & ANTHONY ROSANO.

This movie pairs two of the most cock-stiffening young sexpots in the business: inked-up, underfed hipster darlings Skin Diamond and Asphyxia Noir. They're fuckpals who run a tattoo parlor. Sounds like the emo girl's dream, so what's wrong? Well, since this is a porn flick, they need a dick to get them through their rough patch. Ain't it funny how all girls in porn are bisexual? This disc is also notable for showcasing both the new black superstar, Skin, and the greatest black fuck queen of the last ten years, Jada Fire. Now that's bang for your buck. Jada's more MILFed-out these days, but we'd still sell our grandmothers to hit that shit. And she has the decency to let the fresh meat have what used to be her specialty: the anal standout. Skin takes it in the ass in the kind of scene that makes you wish they'd hurry up with those low-priced clones already. As for the titular threeway finale, it'll leave you drained and breathless, hence the name "Asphyxia." The gals even get to do some big acting along the way…or an awkward semblance of it. Hey, Disney, give these girls a TV show. It won't be art, but it will give a lot of depressed emo kids a reason to live. ***—M.J.***

*Fair warning: Selena Rose, Asa Akira and Vicki Chase (bottom) are **Home Wrecker** material.*

Selena Rose: Home Wrecker

DIGITAL PLAYGROUND. DIRECTOR: ROBBY D. STARRING: SELENA ROSE, ASA AKIRA, VICKI CHASE, ERIK EVERHARD & NACHO VIDAL.

Latina doll Selena Rose kicks off this sex-and-jealousy romp by moving in with a couple of fuck-happy dudes who happen to have girlfriends. The premise rests on this unshakable argument that would hold up against the toughest intellectual scrutiny: Even if you're dating a scorching-hot cum-sponge like Vicki Chase or Asa Akira, there is no way you're saying no to Selena Rose. The cock-magnet knows how to lay it on thick with her corny accent, little-girl voice and pouty lips—and she'll strip off those tight shorts faster than a chick in a changing room, so be grateful she landed in porn and not a sexless sitcom the way Sofia Vergara did. Selena's sweaty bathroom fuck with notorious Latino cocksmith Nacho Vidal is worth a furious stroke. Once your dick cools down, give Vicki and Asa a try. Yes, this tight little disc may have only three vaginas to enjoy, but they're all premium. Any one of them would split up your home and land you in a trailer paying alimony for the rest of your days. And it would be worth it! ***—M.J.***

*Nyomi Banxxx schools rookies Chanel Preston and Yurizan Beltran (above) and learns the drill (below) while Tara Lynn Foxx (right) does some **Training** of her own.*

Training Day—A XXX Parody

PLEASURE DYNASTY. DIRECTOR: GENERAL STONE. STARRING: NYOMI BANXXX, CHANEL PRESTON, PHOENIX MARIE, YURIZAN BELTRAN, TARA LYNN FOXX, TOMMY GUNN, TOM BYRON, BILL BAILEY, SCOTT LYONS, CHRIS JOHNSON, CHAD ALVA & ALEX GONZ.

Question: Did Ethan Hawke win the Oscar for *Training Day*? No, Denzel Washington did! Same deal here. Chanel Preston as the rookie kicks things off with a great suck-and-fuck, but this movie belongs to black beauty Nyomi Banxxx, who delivers the performance of the year as L.A.'s dirtiest narc. It's always a plus to see a porn star with enough acting chops to make the nonsex scenes as watchable as the fucking—and even better when she strips for the most important part of the new kid's training. Nyomi's intense body frisk with Tommy Gunn might be the movie's standout, but soon after, the sex junkie takes on Chanel and Yurizan Beltran in an all-girl shakedown that'll make you harder than a regulation Glock. Eager-to-please cutie Tara Lynn Foxx delivers a gratuitous blowbang, the ladies pistol-whip some thugs, Phoenix Marie takes it in the ass, and Nyomi's character gets her comeuppance (in more ways than one). So, all in all, it's a fine day. We'll say this: If Nyomi doesn't get the Denzel treatment at awards time for this one, the porn biz is dirtier than the LAPD.

—M.J.

*Perfectionists: Kristina Rose, Lela Star and London Keyes (bottom) are totally **Anal**.*

Anal Delights #2

JULES JORDAN VIDEO. DIRECTOR: JULES JORDAN. STARRING: LELA STAR, LONDON KEYES, KRISTINA ROSE, LISA ANN, NACHO VIDAL, JOHNNY SINS & JULES JORDAN.

The first volume of this ass feast was pretty fucking tasty, so we popped this one into the player as soon as it hit the fresh-stroke pile. Numero Dos is just as trashy and debased as *#1* was. *Mmm…mmm…good!* Tattooed doll Lela Star unveils some newly engorged boobs and a butt that you'd have to be dead to not want to fuck. In fact, even if you *were* dead, you'd become a zombie just so you could still hit it. It's *that* good. Tight Asian keyhole London Keyes gets pile-driven raw—are those real tears?—taking the toe-curler like a true ass-lete and offering a gape bigger than your gawk. The backside of Kristina Rose needs no introduction, just a lot of lube, which, luckily, her proctologist happens to have on hand. MILF Lisa Ann brings even more experience to the party, rounding out the disc with a solid performance of *I Have Two Vaginas and One of Them Is My Asshole*. Nope, they don't write 'em like that anymore. **—M.J.**

Maddy O'Reilly (with Jessie Andrews and Stevie Shae) and Katie St. Ives (bottom) fight for the Truth.

Truth, Dare or Bare

WICKED PICTURES. DIRECTOR: EDWIN LEE. STARRING: MARIE McCRAY, JESSIE ANDREWS, KATIE ST. IVES, MADDY O'REILLY, STEVIE SHAE, BARRETT BLADE, KRIS SLATER, MICHAEL VEGAS & SETH GAMBLE.

As you might guess, the "bare" part of the game gets the most play in this flick. It's about a bunch of college kids who dare each other to pull off pranks, most of which involve getting their boobs out and their panties off. The movie's helped by a fun vibe that makes it a breezy watch. Another plus is that the cast mostly look like actual college kids rather than pumped-up porn stars. It's nice to see this many real boobs in a movie. That must be the "truth" part. But probably the best reason to gawk at this one is the girlfriends-with-benefits scene featuring barely legal Jessie Andrews, who turns in the kind of hyperventilating, born-to-orgasm performance that helped her grab this year's *AVN* Award for Best Actress. Another newcummer worth checking out is the girl she swaps spit with, Maddy O'Reilly, who warms up with Jessie before getting drilled by a guy out to prove he's not a minuteman. We dare you to prove the same thing watching this one. Better use a stopwatch. ***—M.J.***

CARNAL COLLEGE

PHOTOGRAPHY COURTESY HUSTLER VIDEO

It's autumn again, that time of year when eager coeds return to college campuses for another round of diligent studying—and indiscriminate fucking.

At HUSTLER Magazine's institution of higher learning, student/teacher love affairs aren't forbidden. In fact, they're openly celebrated. First up, a pretty sophomore (**Allie Jordan**) persuades a pervy professor (**Will Powers**) to give her a better grade. Another lustful young lady (**Haley Sweet**) is so enamored with her chemistry instructor that she doesn't think twice about boning him in the staff parking lot. Finally, the dean (**Otto Bauer**) is breaking in a new intern (**Allie James**). The sexy literature major may not be able to operate the office copier, but having read up on her Nabokov, she knows how to take dick-tation like a pro.

For a more in-depth view of HUSTLER's Carnal College, we recommend *Barely Legal #128* from HUSTLER Video. Call (toll-free) 800-763-8271 ext. 7651, visit **HustlerStore.com** or go to page 124 to order by mail.

"...And do you, Chuck, bet half of everything you own
that you will love this bitch forever?!"

BEAVER HUNT

EDITED BY MORGEN "TEX" HAGEN

"To make my birthday special, I plan to spend a long, fun night with all of my friends. Who knows what that will lead to?"

"I love to have a good time, I love to show off my tattoos and piercings, and I really don't care if I make a total ass of myself."

BEAVER HUNT SPOTLIGHT

RAIANNE

"I wished to pose nude in HUSTLER because this was an opportunity I couldn't pass up," announces "straight, open-minded and down-to-earth" Raianne, an aspiring model from Parkman, Ohio. "I have flashed my boobs before, accidentally and intentionally, but the time I had sex in front of people at a party was no accident. I didn't care whatsoever that everyone could see and hear. They definitely had something to talk about the next day." Raianne, who'll be turning 20 in September, rates being seen and heard. "When I have a boyfriend," the 5-foot-4 Trey Songz, Breaking Benjamin and *Pretty Little Liars* fan extols, "I have no problem paying for dinner, I love being manhandled in the sexual position *he* wants, and I'm down for almost anything." Raianne, whose "gratifying" day job is "taking care of the elderly," is also down for "hanging out with my family and friends," bowling, watching football, target-shooting, eating pizza and contemplating being a bedmate's yummy treat. "One of my fantasies," the piping-hot newbie uncorks, "is having a guy eat fruits off of my naked body. That is just so sexy!" —Photos by DavidKPhoto.com

TAYLOR

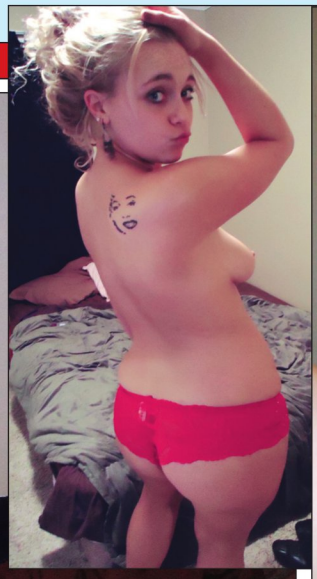
"If I could be naked all the time, I probably would if it weren't for society and its narrow-minded views," declares Taylor, 23, a "sweet, caring, bi-curious and happily married" exotic dancer out of Raleigh, North Carolina. "Then again, with everyone and their brother letting it all hang out as well, I think I could quickly not only lose my appetite but also the joy of being in my birthday suit." Proving she's more than a joy to behold, the 5-foot-8 doggy-style-while-standing fancier discloses, "I love spontaneity. There is nothing like being somewhere very public, and my husband pulls me aside, hikes up my skirt and bends me over. Whoever said sex is always better when there's a chance you can get caught needs to add that it's also great right before *getting* caught, which happened to my honey and me on the bow of a cruise ship. We both still got our nut off!" It's even "orgasm ahoy!" when Taylor is perched in front of the boob tube. "I'm not going to moan or groan about why we can't watch a chick flick," the "*Family Guy*, *South Park* and 1980s action comedies" diehard elaborates. "If nothing else, if the show is boring or hubby gets the munchies, I've got something he can eat." Taylor, a choking novice whose fave band is Slipknot, slips into sexual-fantasy mode: "I know it sounds cheesy, but I saw a show one time where a couple vacationing in a tropical paradise decided to fuck under a waterfall. I thought it was hot as hell. Another fantasy of mine would be to get laid in a barn where my honey and I can be true animals!" Yes, Taylor is a true-blue delight. —Photos by Husband

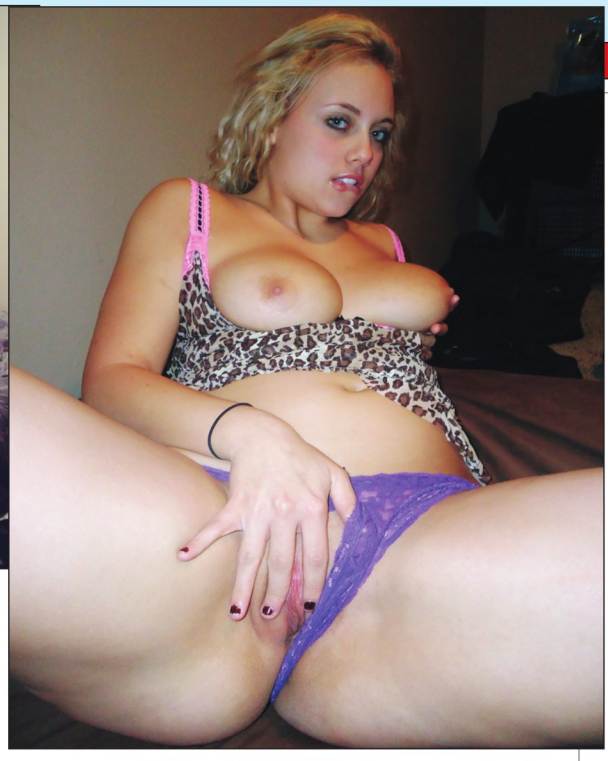
TRISHELLE

"I love being in front of a camera nude!" raves Trishelle, 31, a "flirtatious, loyal and determined" care manager from Winston-Salem, North Carolina. "I find nudity a natural, beautiful thing, so why be selfish and keep it to myself?" Not keen on keeping anything to herself, the 5-foot-1 "pleaser in a great relationship" confides, "I'm naughty, seductive and passionate. I love giving head, getting on all fours for doggy-style and being a kinky sex toy. Tie me up, choke me, give my ass a li'l smack!" But Trishelle especially savors anal penetration."That's the road to my sweet spot!" gushes the li'l lady, who has much mellower pastimes to boot: "I enjoy tweeting, watching *Fear Factor* and college football (West Virginia University Mountaineers all the way!), photographing sunrises and sunsets, eating spicy food and listening to Joss Stone, Adele, Janis Joplin and Stevie Nicks." Sharing a pair of daring fantasies, Trishelle tells us, "I'd love to get it on with two girls at the same time while having an audience. And I'd love to make a hard-core porno with my significant other." —Photos by Trishelle

KRISSI

"I've been naked almost everywhere!" exclaims Krissi, 29, an "outgoing, goofy and always horny" resident of Marine City, Michigan. "But I regret not stripping for Larry Flynt the day I met him on Hollywood Boulevard back in 2007." Making amends, the 5-foot-3 "having fun" advocate is back for a curtain call replete with an update on her recent lifestyle alterations. "I was a bisexual dancer for six years," Krissi relates. "Now I'm a straight sugar baby, but I still like sports as much as a guy does—especially the Detroit Pistons. I'm also into traveling, boating, *Desperate Housewives*, reality shows, Eminem, Nickelback, Taylor Swift and shopping, but my biggest interest will forever be sex, sex and more sex. I have super oral skills, and I love being eaten out, fucking and everything else." Even Krissi's fantasy is super: "I want to have sex with my fiancé on the 50-yard line during a Super Bowl halftime show." —Photos by Fiancé

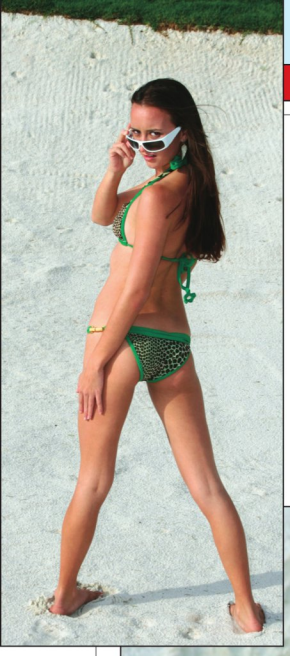




BEAVER HUNT SPOTLIGHT

VICTORIA MARIE

"I believe that a woman's body is a beautiful thing and that it should be seen by others," trumpets this "dedicated, down-to-earth and all smiles" caregiver from Madison, Wisconsin. Unsecretive Victoria Marie isn't just philosophizing. "When my boyfriend and I went to Las Vegas," the 5-foot-7 exhibitionist recalls, "we had this room that overlooked the casino's pool area. As soon as I saw that huge window, I not only flashed my boobs, but gave everyone a little peep show of us getting it on." Dispensing a little peek at her tamer side, Victoria Marie adds, "I love taking walks, going to zoos, being with my friends, shopping of course and romantic things like a two-person bubble bath and lying by a fire on a cold night. I'm also a reality-show fiend! I love *Jersey Shore*, *The Real World* and *Cops*." But the fan of the band Evanescence, the Badger State's cheese curds and "American foods like pizza, burgers and French fries" is far more arresting than a police chronicle: "I'm not your girl-next-door when it comes to sex; I'm a closet freak. I enjoy giving great head as long as I get some in return. I may be only 20, but I dig the oldie-originality of 69. I love having a big, juicy dick in my mouth as I'm getting my clit licked. My panties are getting wet just talking about it. I also love being fucked hard and rough from the rear." Wrapping things up, recent anal convert Victoria Marie fantasizes, "Since I love the idea of having sex in places you could get caught, I'd like to try doing the deed in a dressing room at a busy mall or in a park at night." —Photos by Boyfriend



PRECIOUS

Hitting a golf ball into a sand trap sucks, but stripping in one is never frowned upon here. "I love being naked," asserts Precious, a mall salesclerk from Sunland, New Mexico. "I can't help it. I love to show off my body, especially my tight-as-a-virgin's pussy and hot-for-cock Brazilian booty." Precious, who'll be blowing out 22 birthday candles in September, isn't just an either-hole boning aficionada. "I give very good head to both guys and girls!" the 5-foot-4 rain dancing, skinny-dipping and nude cooking buff bellows. "But I also love being eaten out before and after fucking." —Photos by Friend

"My fantasy is making lots of guys fantasize about having sex with me."

"I'm not an anal virgin anymore. Either hole works for me."

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BY ERICKA RACHELLE MENDOZA

SHAY FOX

AGE: 43

LOCATION: Los Angeles

FIND HER AT: ClubShayFox.com

This is a feature dedicated to the proposition that women do not achieve their full sexual power and beauty until they are well into their 30s and beyond.

COUGARS UNLEASHED #43

Whether hiking with her two mini schnauzers, riding around on her bike while sporting a tantalizing bikini or filming a steamy scene for her online fans, Shay Fox basically enjoys getting wet. "I love doing anything that gets me sweaty!" the Internet performer and fitness fanatic exclaims. "I'm in the gym at least five to seven days a week."

Even in a metropolis brimming with hot-looking younger women, Shay still manages to stand out. "Guys approach me all the time," the 5-foot-5 Los Angeleno admits when asked about her interaction with men. "And, hey, if someone is kind enough to compliment me or catch my eye and smile, then I always thank them or acknowledge their smile with a little wink. I never take a compliment for granted."

Not just anyone, however, can capture Shay's attention or claim a place in her bed. "I'm attracted to confidence and manners," she confides. "I get excited by a man who appears conservative on the outside but whose personality is wild. He needs to speak well, smell delicious—good hygiene is a must!—but also make me laugh and keep my interest."

And these days, Shay absolutely adores her status as an on-the-prowl cougar. "I know my body better than ever," she asserts, "which allows me to be completely uninhibited. I understand what turns me on and how to please a man in ways that he's never experienced. I just love having sex!"

Shay Fox is definitely our kind of gal.

If you are interested in being featured in our *Cougars Unleashed* column, please submit photos and a short bio via e-mail to *HUSTLER@LFP.com.*

PHOTOS BY DDG PHOTOGRAPHY

BY ERICKA RACHELLE MENDOZA

SCREEN NAME:
Kayla Simonetti

AGE: 23

LOCATION: LAS VEGAS

URL: **Facebook.com/Kayla.Simonetti**

Born in Florida and raised in Arizona, Kayla Simonetti a/k/a Miss Kayla Jane admits that she was a party animal and "total skater chick" in high school. These days, the 5-foot-7 stunner is a model/actress who's primarily focused on her career.

"Since graduation," Kayla notes, "my goals have been to use my talents and make a name for myself while being responsible and professional at all times. I live in Las Vegas now and simply love being a part of the entertainment industry and the nightlife."

Aside from runway and bikini modeling gigs, Kayla has worked as a go-go dancer, a blackjack dealer and even had a stint on the MTV show *The Buried Life*.

So what does Kayla like to bury herself in to have F-U-N? "Well, I spend a lot of time with my son," the sizzling MILF relates. "But to wind down, I enjoy hanging out at the pool with my girlfriends, poppin' bottles at Vegas clubs and taking road trips to Cali whenever possible."

Now taking us to her love life, Kayla confides, "I'm not into any of the really kinky stuff. However, sometimes I don't mind sex that's a little rough because it leaves me absolutely breathless."

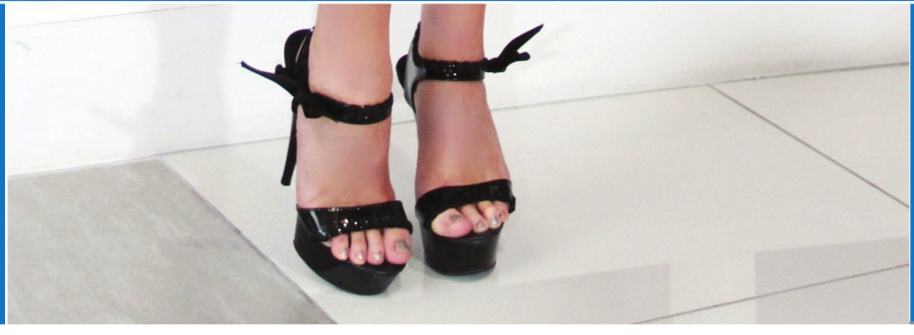
Kayla's taste in men is much more refined. "I want a boyfriend with a personality," the romantic bombshell chimes. "He has to be spontaneous, outgoing and be able to make me laugh. But I have to admit, if he wears a nice tailored suit, that's a turn-on too."

Kayla's birthday suit isn't too shabby either!

OPEN AUDITIONS: Hey, ladies! Think you have what it takes to be a HUSTLER Girl of Facebook? If you are 18 years of age or older, e-mail an introductory message and a photo to ***HUSTLER@LFP.com***.

PHOTOS BY CASPER MUNOZ PHOTOGRAPHY

THE GIRLS OF FACEBOOK



BY JULIE ENG

HUSTLER ON CAMPUS

STUDENTS' FUROR MOUNTS

VIOLENT CONFRONTATIONS AND SECOND-GUESSING MAR A PROTEST AT THE **UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA, SANTA CRUZ**

With allocations to higher education waning and tuition continuing to skyrocket, students in the University of California system responded by taking part in a statewide day of action on March 1, 2012. At the University of California, Santa Cruz, hundreds of demonstrators gathered before dawn to block both entrances to incoming traffic except for pedestrians, bicyclists and emergency vehicles.

With the campus brought to a standstill, many instructors canceled classes. Meanwhile, within the makeshift "Tent University," workshops informed protesters about California's state budget, tuition hikes and the history of cost-cutting in higher education.

Despite the organizers' desire to hold a peaceful rally, havoc erupted throughout the day. Receiving national media attention was an incident involving a Ford Mustang, which allegedly attempted to breach the line of protesters blocking the main entrance to the UCSC campus. According to the school's *City on a Hill Press* newspaper, student Judith Samson claimed that approximately 20 demonstrators jumped on the Mustang after the driver—her fiancé, David Biggs—stopped and asked to be let through.

Samson stated that protesters "tried to pull the windows open, pulled on the hood, kicked our taillights in [and caused] about $150 worth of damage." In addition, she said, a "paint grenade" was hurled at the car, covering the windshield. Supporting her allegations, Biggs told the *Santa Cruz Sentinel* that the demonstrators were "terrorists" who "just wanted to be radical."

Protesters who were in the vicinity disputed the couple's account of the confrontation. "The guy who hit [us] was angry from the beginning," graduate student Omid Mohamadi said. "We kept the line and stayed peaceful." One student was knocked down, and three others were struck by the slow-moving vehicle, but no one sustained serious injuries.

An altercation involving protesters and an unidentified Santa Cruz resident also drew media coverage. According to eyewitness reports, a man known by City Council members for his sometimes-rambling commentary during meetings began yelling obscenities at those blocking the main entrance to the UCSC campus. He then approached a small group of protesters, and a heated exchange ensued.

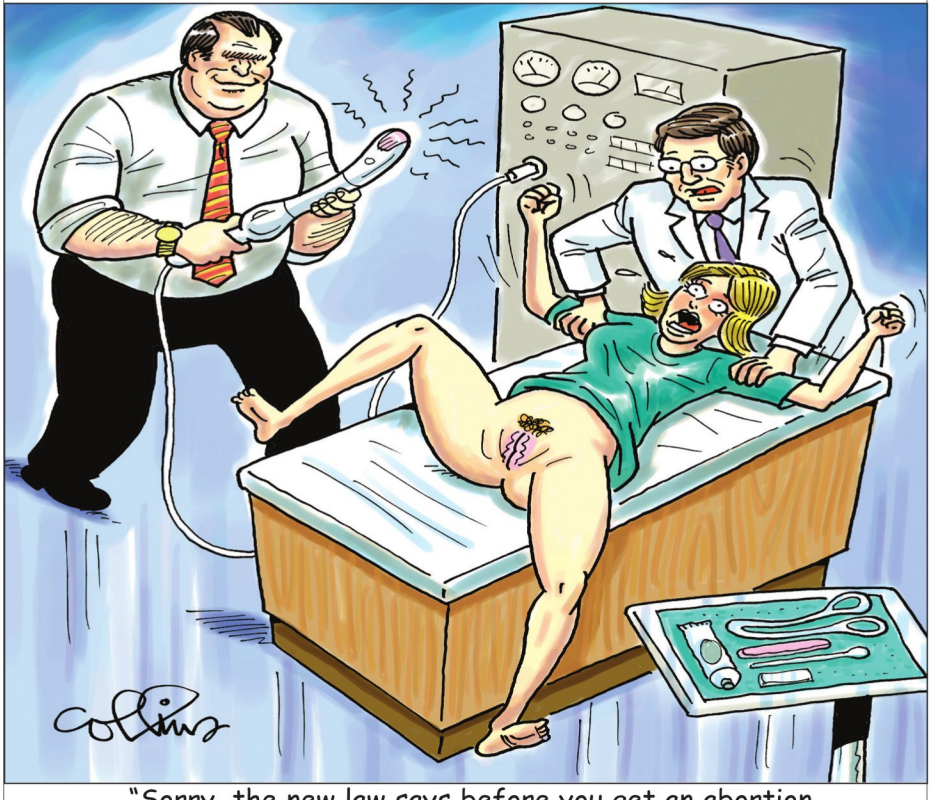
The man pulled off a demonstrator's bandanna and shoved his face, whereupon the demonstrator pushed back. The violence escalated, "and the guy just clocked" the protester, said sophomore Charles Hoffman. When the protesters retaliated, Hoffman helped shield the man from their blows and eventually alerted police. The apparent instigator left the scene after officers arrived.

Although shutting down UCSC until about 7 p.m. was deemed a success by the demonstrators, some students and faculty members voiced concern. "We are paying hundreds of dollars a day to go to classes," said disgruntled sophomore Alyssa Gamboa, who didn't take an active part in the protest. "I don't think shutting down the school is the best way to get the message across."

Associate Professor of Physics David Smith echoed Gamboa's sentiments. "It could not possibly have been effective in alerting members of the UCSC community of the effects of budget cuts and tuition hikes," Smith stated. "With so many classes for so many students canceled, who knows what might have been lost on that day?"

UCSC Chief of Police Nader Oweis added that, while the protest was relatively peaceful, "we did see some frustration from students who live on campus and community members that tried to get on campus that day."

Strike organizers hoped the protest would muster support for the subsequent "Occupy the Capitol" event. On March 5, thousands of students, teachers and occupiers—including four busloads from UCSC—flooded Sacramento for rallies, speeches, negotiations with lawmakers and an occupation of the capitol building. Among the 68 participants arrested for trespassing was UCSC junior Annaliese Harlander. She and her fellow protesters are hopeful that California lawmakers have heard their pleas and will pass legislation that eases the burden of paying back the staggering amount of money necessary to receive a higher education.



"Sorry, the new law says before you get an abortion you have to receive a transvaginal ultrasound, and a GOP state legislator gets to do the honors."

Julie Eng is a fourth-year student at UCSC. The literature and anthropology major's accomplishments include serving as editor in chief of the student-run newspaper, *City on a Hill Press*.

Attention college reporters: If you have an idea for a story involving your school—protests, censorship issues, pranks, etc.—please contact us at ***Features@LFP.com***. If you get the green light, Larry Flynt will send you a check with his name on it. Besides the financial windfall, a HUSTLER story will look good on your résumé.

BY MORGEN "TEX" HAGEN

"I'd like to have an after-class 'study session' with one of my male professors."

Coeds: Send us some sexy pictures and garner some handy financial assistance! To apply, follow the instructions on the form on page 123 and indicate **Real College Girls** on submission envelope.

BRIANNE

PENNSYLVANIA STATE UNIVERSITY

A true-blue advocate of transparency, Brianne has found the perfect place to undress *and* express herself. "I love HUSTLER Magazine," the 23-year-old declares. "Its sexy pictures, edgy articles and biting commentary fit my personality to a T. I'm sweet, free-spirited, honest and witty."

Not to mention preoccupied. "When I'm not in class or doing assignments," the 5-foot-7 PSU senior discloses, "I like shopping, working out, meditating, playing *Mario Kart* and spending time with my family. My favorite TV shows include *Ridiculousness* and *Keeping Up With the Kardashians*, but I can't get enough documentaries. Two of my favorites are *Enron: The Smartest Guys in the Room* and *McLibel*."

However, Brianne warns, "I'm the worst TV partner. I hog the remote, I spoil endings when watching reruns, and I always have to give my two cents, which some people don't like."

We doubt that anyone will dislike the two cents Brianne now lays on the table: "As a finance major, I keep busy playing trade simulation games and studying how to underwrite commercial loans. I have a keen interest in derivatives and options-pricing models. While I like to make money, I also like making guys horny. I may look like a 'good girl,' but I love doing naughty things."

Here's a taste: "My boyfriend and I had to make an unexpected trip to visit my relatives," Brianne recalls. "He kept grumbling about it until I decided enough was enough. While he was driving, I leaned over, unzipped his fly and sucked his cock until my mouth was full. I did not hear another complaint the rest of the way."

No wonder Brianne confides, "When it comes to sex, I'm pretty much down for whatever. I can deep-throat a cock like a pro, and I like getting pounded from the back. I also like bringing home hot girls from clubs and messing around. And even though I can't get enough of the real thing, I like to play with sex toys."

Fitting in a pair of product placements, Brianne pitches, "I love using my Rabbit [vibrator] while watching a HUSTLER video."

HUSTLER UNIVERSITY
HUSTLER
REAL COLLEGE GIRLS

PHOTOS BY BOYFRIEND

MARCH 1981
HUSTLER
CLASSIC
AMBER: A DELICATE TOUCH
PHOTOGRAPHY BY CLIVE McLEAN

Soft furs, plush sofas, strong men—these are the things **Amber** finds pleasing to the touch. “I like to surround myself with things I can feel,” says this self-assured career woman. “To touch and be touched—that’s what sensuality is all about.” And **Amber** is the first to admit her sensual streak is strong. “Passion is an intense urge,” she says, “one I always give in to. The sensation of a man’s hard body pressing me against smooth velvet and thick fur is my idea of ecstasy.”

(continued from page 54)

entire society is undertaking.

We have to seriously begin to deal with the limits of the natural world: limited oil, topsoil and fresh water. We have to undertake a fundamental reorganization of our economy and patterns of consumption so that we live within those limits. That means reforming our transport system, our food system and just about everything else.

It may be possible to persuade at least local policymakers that these kinds of efforts are in everyone's best interests, but it is going to be a battle for economic space. I think those of us who understand what's at stake are going to have to roll up our shirtsleeves and get into that fight. I don't see any other way around it.

Is the Occupy movement a step in the right direction?

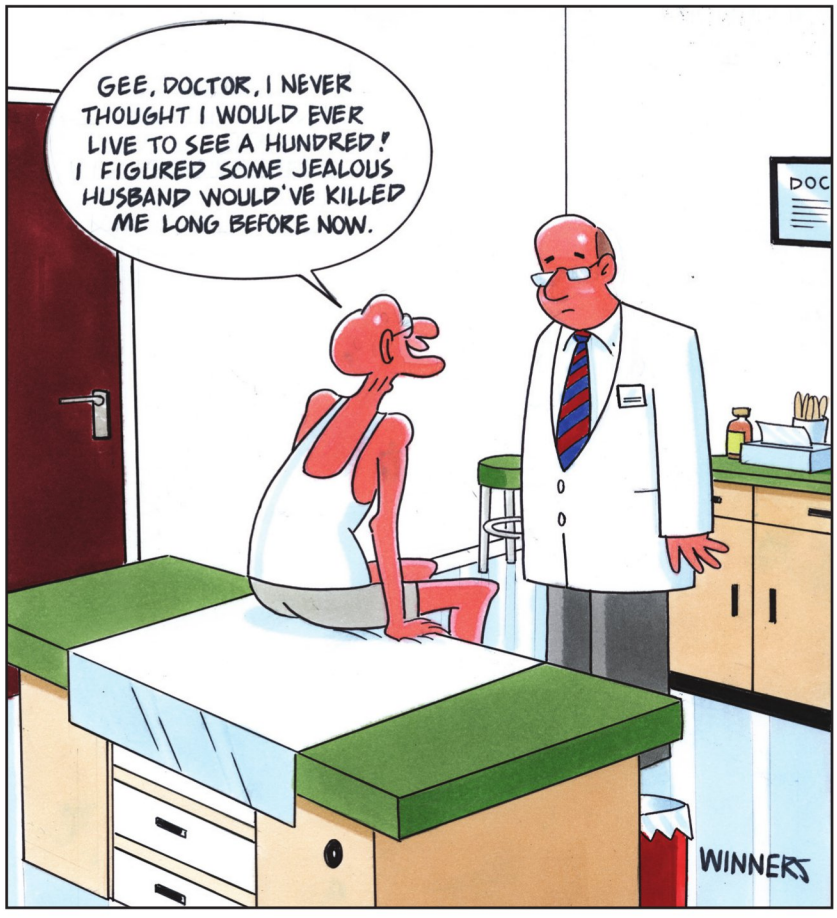
One of my concerns with the Occupy movement has been that it is almost inevitably focused around questions of distribution of wealth. That's perfectly legitimate, but that's not the essence of the crisis that we're facing. We're facing the end of an entire economic paradigm, and coming to terms with that is really going to require a change—not just in Washington, D.C., but in every household around the country.

I think we've only seen the beginning of the Occupy movement. I would call it a global end-of-growth uprising because the Occupy movement is just our domestic version of what's been going on in many countries around the world.

We've created a situation of structural corruption. We've removed all sorts of financial regulations. We've made it easier for corporations to contribute to political campaigns, and the result is now all three branches of government are complicit in this structural corruption, so there's no way to alter that situation from within the system. You can't just vote for the other political party because, in fact, both [major] political parties are now owned by Wall Street. The only way out is a general mass protest, such as the Occupy movement.

As long as economies are growing, people are willing to put up with a lot of political corruption and dysfunction. But once the economy stops growing and people are hurting in their daily lives, they're willing to put up with a lot less. So if our economy is about to go back into crisis mode, we're likely to see much more in the way of social unrest. More people will be in the streets with stronger demands. Just as the protesters in other countries have overthrown governments, the same thing will happen in this country. Governments can only maintain power with the consent of the people. Once that consent is withdrawn, all bets are off.

For more information, go to **PostCarbon.org** and **EnergyBulletin.net**. *The End of Growth* can be purchased at **RichardHeinberg.com**.


GEE, DOCTOR, I NEVER THOUGHT I WOULD EVER LIVE TO SEE A HUNDRED! I FIGURED SOME JEALOUS HUSBAND WOULD'VE KILLED ME LONG BEFORE NOW.
DOC
WINNERS

"So I guess the stimulus worked."

The October '12 issue goes on sale July 10, 2012. Visit our Web site at HustlerMagazine.com.

KHYANNA SONG

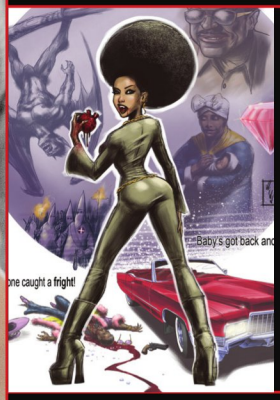
COMING NEXT

WRESTLER CHRIS JERICHO: HARD ROCK HEAVYWEIGHT

During his two-decade career of dominance in professional wrestling, Chris Jericho was also into another type of aggressive entertainment. The record-breaking holder of 30 title belts is the lead singer of the heavy metal band Fozzy. Granting an exclusive interview to Arts & Entertainment Editor Keith Valcourt, Jericho describes his transition from superstar wrestler to bona fide rock star, vows to "fly the flag of metal in places it's never been flown before" and recounts a groupie hoedown in Peoria.

NOTES FROM A MIAMI DOMINATRIX—PART II

Wrapping up her kinky chronicle, Lera Gavin revels at finding the perfect livelihood: inflicting pain and torment. Besides detailing what makes her "cackle like a B-movie villain," the capricious emigré from Uzbekistan revisits her *Lolita*-like past and delves into her own psyche. Both as a bondage buff and sexy wordsmith, Lera Gavin is a modern-day Marquessa de Sade.



CARLA HARVEY: ROCKIN' COMIC BOOK MASTERMIND

Brazenly displaying her hooters, Carla Harvey loves banging out tunes with the shock-rock band Butcher Babies. But belying her stage demeanor, Carla is also a die-hard comic book geek and the author of a graphic novel about a female vampire named Soul Sucka. Don't miss our sneak peek at what Carla and illustrator Anthony Winn have cooked up as they tell the tale of a "multidimensional character who's not just a foxy broad with fangs."

DOWNSIZING AT ITS BEST: TINY DANCERS

If you're into midget strippers (it's gotta be a pretty small audience!), then you're gonna be in for a treat as we showcase some pint-sized exhibitionists who aren't short on sex appeal. These little ladies, who shake their tight 'n' tiny tushies at strip clubs from coast to coast, will soon hit the big time: exposing their money-makers in HUSTLER Magazine.

SAVVY SHUTTERBUG

Ohio-based lensman David Kemp has not only photographed glamour models and musicians galore (most notably Steppenwolf and Def Leppard) but has also discovered a bevy of uninhibited babes eager for *Beaver Hunt* glory. (Raianne on page 119 is the latest.) As you'll see in our well-deserved salute, we appreciate Kemp's knack for capturing a woman's beauty.